TREASURE ROOM

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THE VNNATVRALL COMBAT.

A Tragedie.

The Scæne *Marſellis.*

Written
BY
PHILIP MASSINGER.

As it was preſented by the Kings Majeſties Servants at the GLOBE.

LONDON,
Printed by *E. G.* for IOHN WATERSON,
and are to be ſold at his ſhop, at the ſigne of the Crowne, in S. *Pauls* Church-yard.
1639.

C 39.f.26

The persons presented.

Beaufort senior, Governour of *Marsellis*.
Beaufort junior, his sonne.
Malefort senior, Admirall of *Marsellis*.
Malefort junior, his sonne.
Chamont, *Montagne*, *Lanour* } Assistants to the Governour.
Montrevile, a pretended friend to *Malefort senior*.
Belgarde, a poore Captaine.
Three Sea Captaines of the Navy of *Malefort junior*.
Servants.
Souldiers.
Theocrine, daughter to *Malefort senior*.
Two waiting women.
Usher. Page.
Bawde. Two Wenches.

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To my much Honoured Friend,

ANTHONY SENTLIGER,

Of Oukham in *Kent*, Esquire.

SIR,

THat the Patronage of trifles, *in this kinde, hath long since rendred Dedications, and Inscriptions obsolete, and out of fashion, I perfectly understand, and cannot but ingenuously confesse, that I walking in the same path, may be truly argued by you of weaknesse, or wilfull errour: but the reasons and defences, for the tender of my service this way to you, are so just, that I cannot (in my thankefulnesse for so many favours received) but be ambitious to publish them. Your noble Father,* Sir Warham Sentliger (*whose remarkeable vertues must be ever remembred*) *being, while hee lived, a master, for his pleasure, in Poetry, feared not to hold converse with divers, whose necessitous fortunes made it their profession, among which, by the clemency of his judgement, I was not in the last place admitted. You (the Heire of his honour and estate) inherited his good inclinations to men of my poore quality, of*

which I cannot give any ampler testimony than by my free and glad profession of it to the world. Besides, (and it was not the least encouragement to mee) many of eminence, and the best of such, who disdained not to take notice of mee, have not thought themselves disparaged, I dare not say honoured, to be celebrated the Patrons of my humble studies. In the first file of which, I am confident, you shall have no cause to blush, to finde your Name written. I present you with this old Tragedie, without Prologue, or Epilogue, it being composed in a time (and that too, peradventure, as knowing as this) when such by ornaments, were not advanced above the fabricque of the whole worke. Accept it I beseech you, as it is, and continue you favour to the Author.

Your Servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

a few very slight alterations would make
this a most excellent acting Play.

THE VNNATVRALL COMBAT.

Actus primus, Scæna prima.

Montreuile, Theocrine, Vsher, Page, wayting Women.

MONTREVILE.

NOW to bee modeſt Madam, when your are
A ſuitor for your father, would appeare,
Courſer then bouldneſſe you a while muſt part
with ſoft ſilence, and the bluſhings of a virgin,
Though I muſt grant (did not this cauſe cõmand
it) They are rich jewells you have ever worne
To all mens admiration, in this age,
If by our owne forc'd importunity,
Or others purchaſd interceſſion, or
Corrupting bribes we can make our approches
To juſtice guarded, from us by ſterne power,
We bleſſe the meanes, and induſtry.

Vſh. Heres muſicke

In this bagge shall wake her, though shee had drunke *Opium*,
Or eaten Mandrakes, let commanders talke
Of cannons to make breaches, give but fire
To this petarde, it shall blow open Madam
The iron doores of a judge, and make you entrance,
When they (let them doe what they can) with all
Their mines, their culverins, and Basiliscos
Shall coole their feete without, this being the pickelocke
That never failes.

Mon. Tis true, gold can doe much,
But beauty more, were I the governour,
Though the Admirall your father stood convicted
Of what he's only doubted, halfe a dozen
Of sweet close kisses from these cherry lips,
With some short active conference in private,
Should signe his generall pardon.

Theo. These light words sir
Doe ill become the weight of my sad fortune
And I much wonder you that doe professe
Your selfe to be my fathers bosome friend,
Can raise mirth from his misery.

Mon. You mistake me,
I share in his calamity, and only
Deliver my thoughts freely, what I should doe
For such a rare petitioner, and if
Youle follow the directions, I prescribe
With my best judgement I'll marke out the way
For his inlargement.

Theo. With all reall joy,
I shall put what you counsell into act,
Provided it be honest.

Mon. Honesty
In a faire she client (trust to my experience)
Seldome or never prospers, the world's wicked.
Wee are men, not saints sweet Lady, you must practice
The manners of the time, if you intend
To have favour from it, do not deceive your selfe

By building too much on the falſe foundations
Of chaſtity and vertue, bid your wayters
Stand farther of, and i'll come neerer to you.
2. *Wom.* Some wicked counſaile on my life.
2. *Wom.* Nere doubt it,
If it proceed from him.
Page. I wonder that
My Lord ſo much affects him.
Uſh. Thou art a child and doſt not underſtand on what ſtrong baſes this frindſhip's raiſd between this *Mountreville* and our Lord Monſieur *Malefort*, but ile teach thee from thy yeares they have been joynt purchaſers, in furs, & water-works, and truckt together.
Page. In fire and water works,
Uſh. Commodities boy
Which you may know hereafter.
Page. And deale in 'em
When the trade has given you over, as appeares (by the increaſe of your high forehead.
Uſh. Heare's a cracke,
I thinke they ſucke this knowledge in their milke.
Page. I had had an ignorant nurſe elſe. I have tide ſir
My Ladies garter, and can gheſſe.
Uſh. Peace infant, *Theocrine falls off.*
Tales out a ſchoole take heed you will be britchd elſe.
1. *Wom.* My Ladies colour changes.
2. *Wom.* She falls off too.
Theo. You are a naughty man, indeed you are,
And I will ſooner periſh with my father
Then at this price redeeme him.
Mon. Take your owne way,
Your modeſt legall way, tis not your vayle
Nor mourning habit, nor theſe creatures taught
To howle, and cry, when you beginne to whimper,
Nor following my Lords coach in the dirt,
Nor that with you relie upon, a bribe
Will doe it when there's ſomething he likes better.

These courses in an old crone of threescore,
That had seaven yeares together tirde the court
With tedious petitions and clamors,
For the recovery of a strangling husband,
To pay forsooth the duties of one to her,
But for a Lady of your tempting beauties,
Your youth and ravishing features to hope only
In such a suite as this is, to gaine favor
Without exchange of courtesie, you conceive me,
Were madnes at the height, heres brave yong *Beaufort* *Enter Beaufort and Belgarde.*
The meteor of *Marsellis*, one that houlds
The governour his fathers will and power
In more awe then his owne, come, come advance,
Present your bag cramm'd with crowns of the sunne,
Doe you thinke he cares for money? he loves pleasure,
Burne your petition, burne it, he dotes on you,
Upon my knowledge, to his cabinet, doe
And hee will point you out a certaine course,
Be the cause right or wrong to have your father
Releasd with much facility. *Exit Montrevile.*
Theo. Doe you heare?
Take a pander with you.
Iu. Beauf. I tell thee there is neither
Imployment yet nor money.
Belg. I have commanded
And spent my owne meanes in my countries service,
In hope to raise a fortune.
Iu. Beauf. Many have hop'd so,
But hopes prove seldome certainties with souldiers.
Belg. If no preferment, let me but receive
My pay that is behinde, to set me up
A taverne, or a vaulting house, while men love
Or drunkennesse, or lechery, they'l nere fayle me:
Shall I have that?
Iu. Beauf. As our prises are brought in,
Till then you must be patient.
Belg. In the meane time,

How shall I doe for cloths?
Ju. Beauf. As most captaines doe
Philosopher like, carry all you have about you.
Belg. But how shall I do to satisfie *Calon Mounsieur*,
There lies the doubt.
Iu. Beauf. Thats easily decided,
My fathers tables free for any man
That hath borne armes.
Belg. And theres good store of meat?
Iu. Beauf. Never feare that.
Belg. I'le seeke no other ordinarie then,
But be his daily gheſt without invitement,
And if my stomacke hould, Ile feed so heartily
As he shall pay me suddainely to be quit of me.
Ju. Beauf. Tis shee.
Belg. And further.
Iu. Beauf. Away you are troublesome,
Designes of more weight.
Belg. Ha faire *Theocrine*,
Nay if a velvet peticote move in the front
Buffe jerkins must to the rere, I know my manners
This is indeed great businesse, m'ne a gugawe
I may dance attendance, this must be dispatchd,
And suddainly, or all will goe to wracke. *Exit.*
Charge her home in the flank my Lord, nay I am gone sir, *Belgarde*
Iu. Beauf. Nay pray you Madam rise, or I'll kneele with you:
Page. I would bring you on your knees, were I a woman.
Iu. Beauf. What is it can deserve so poore a name,
As a suite to me? this more then mortall forme
Was fashioned to command and not intreate,
Your will but knowne is served.
Theo. Great Sir, my father
My brave deserving father, but that sorrow
Forbids the use of speech.
Iu. Beauf. I understand you,
Without the ayds of those interpreters
That fall from your faire eies, I know you labour,

the libertie of your father, at the leaſt
an equall hearing to acquit himſelfe:
and 'tis not to endeere my ſervice to you,
though I muſt adde and pray you with patience heare it,
'tis hard to be effected, in reſpect
the State's incens'd againſt him: all preſuming
the world of outrages his impious ſonne,
turn'd worſe than Pirat in his cruelties
expres'd to this poore Countrey, could not be
with ſuch eaſe put in execution, if
your father (of late our great Admirall)
held not or correſpondencie, or conniv'd
at his proceedings.

Theoc. And muſt he then ſuffer,
his cauſe unheard?

Beauf. jun. As yet it is reſolv'd ſo,
in their determination. But ſuppoſe,
for I would nouriſh hope, not kill it in you,
I ſhould divert the torrent of their purpoſe,
and render them that are implacable,
impartiall Judges, and not ſway'd with ſpleene:
will you, I dare not ſay in recompence,
for that includes a debt you cannot owe me,
but in your liberall bountie, in my ſuit
to you be gracious?

Theoc. You entreat of me, Sir,
what I ſhould offer to you, with confeſſion
that you much undervalue your owne worth,
ſhould you receive me. Since there come with you
not luſtfull fires, but faire and lawfull flames.
but I muſt be excus'd, 'tis now no time
for me to thinke of Hymenæall joyes.
Can he (and pray you, Sir, conſider it)
that gave me life, and faculties to love,
be, as he is now ready to be devour'd
by ravenous wolves, and at that inſtant, I
but entertaine a thought of thoſe delights.

in which perhaps my ardor meets with yours?
dutie and pietie forbid it, Sir.

Beauf. jun. But this effected, and your father free,
what is your answer?

Theoc. Everie minute to me
will be a tedious age till our embraces
are warrantable to the world.

Beauf. jun. I urge no more; confirme it with a kisse.

Theoc. I doubly seale it.

Usher. This would doe better a bed, the businesse ended,
they are the lovingest Couple.

Enter Beaufort senior, the Governour Montaigne, Chamont, Lanour.

Beauf. jun. Here comes my father
with the Councell of war, deliver your petition,
and leave the rest to me.

Beauf. sen. I am sorrie, Lady,
your fathers guilt compels your innocence
to aske what I in justice must denie.

Beauf. jun. For my sake, Sir, pray you receive, and read it.

Beauf. sen. Thou foolish boy, I can deny thee nothing.

Beauf. jun. Thus far we are happie. Madam quit the place,
you shall heare how we succeed.

Theoc. Goodnesse reward you. *Exeunt Theocrine, Usher, Page, Women.*

Mont. It is apparent, and we stay too long
to censure *Malefort* as he deserves.

Cham. There is no colour of reason that makes for him:
had he discharg'd the trust committed to him,
with that experience and fidelitie
he practis'd heretofore, it could not be
our Navie should be block'd up, and in our sight
our goods made prize, our Sailors sold for slaves,
by his prodigious issue.

Lan. I much grieve,
after so many brave and high atchievements,
he should in one ill forfeit all the good
he ever did his Countrey.

Beauf. sen. Well, 'tis granted.
Beauf. jun. I humbly thanke you, Sir.
Beauf sen. He shall have hearing,
his irons too strucke off, bring him before us;
but seeke no further favour.
Beauf. jun. Sir, I dare not. *Exit Beauf. jun.*
Beauf. sen. Monsieur *Chamont*, *Montaigne*, *Lanour*, assistants
by a Commission from the most Christian King
in punishing, or freeing *Malefort*
our late great Admirall: though I know you need not
instructions from me, how to dispose of
your selves in this mans triall (that exacts
your clearest judgements) give me leave with favour
to offer my opinion: we are to heare him,
a little looking backe on his faire actions,
loyall, and true demeanour, not as now
by the generall voyce, already he's condemn'd.
But if we finde (as most beleeve) he hath held
intelligence with his accursed sonne,
falne off from all allegeance, and turn'd
(but for what cause we know not) the most bloudy
and fatall enemie, this Countrey ever
repented to have brought forth, all compassion
of what he was, or may be, if now pardon'd,
we sit ingag'd to censure him with all
extremitie and rigour.
Cha. Your Lordship shewes us
a path which we will tread in.
Lan. He that leaves
to follow, as you lead, will lose himselfe.
Mont. I'le not be singular.

Enter Beaufort junior, Montreville, Malefort sen. Belgarde, Officers.

Beauf. sen. He comes, but with
a strange distracted looke.
Mal. sen. Live I once more
to see these hands and armes free? these, that often

In the moſt dreadfull horror of a fight,
Have beene as ſea-markes to teach ſuch as were
Seconds in my attempts, to ſteere betweene
The rocks of too much daring, and pale feare,
To reach the Port of victory? When my ſword,
Advanced thus, to my enemies appear'd
A hairy comet, threatenning death and ruine
To ſuch as durſt behold it. Theſe the legs
That when our ſhip were grappl'd, carried me
With ſuch ſwift motion from decke to decke,
As they that ſaw it, with amazment cri'd;
He does not runne, but flies.
Montre. He ſtill retaines
The greatneſſe of his ſpirit.
Mal. ſen. Now crampt with irons,
Hunger, and could, they hardly doe ſupport me,
But I forget my ſelfe. O my good Lords
That ſit there as my judges to determine
The life and death of *Malefort*, where are now
Thoſe ſhoutes, thoſe chearefull lookes, thoſe loud applauſes
With which when I return'd loaden with ſpoile
You entertain'd your Admirall? all's forgotten,
And I ſtand here to give accompt for that
Of which I am as free, and innocent
As he that never ſaw the eyes of him,
For whom I ſtand ſuſpected.
Beauf. ſen. Monſieur *Malefort*
Let not your paſſion ſo farre tranſport you
As to believe from any private malice,
Or envie to your perſon you are queſtion'd,
Nor doe the ſuppoſitions want waight,
That doe invite us to a ſtrong aſſurance,
Your ſonne.
Mal. ſen. My ſhame.
Beauf. ſen. Pray you heare with patience, ever
Without aſſiſtance, or ſure aids from you,
Could with the pirates of Argers and Tunis,

ev'n thoſe that you had almoſt twice defeated,
acquire ſuch credit, as with them to be
made abſolute commander? (pray you obſerve me)
if there had not ſome contract paſs'd betweene you,
that when occaſion ſerv'd you would joyne with 'em
to the ruine of *Marcellis*?

Mont. More, what urg'd
your ſonne to turne Apoſtata?

Cham. Had he from
the State, or Governour, the leaſt neglect
which envie could interpret for a wrong?

Lan. Or if you ſlept not in your charge, how could
ſo many ſhips as doe infeſt our Coaſt
and have in our owne Harbor ſhut our Navie
come in unfought with?

Beauf. jun. They put him hardly to it.

Mal. ſen. My Lords, with as much brevitie as I can,
I'll anſwer each particular objection
with which you charge me. The maine ground, on which
you raiſe the building of your accuſation,
hath reference to my ſonne: ſhould I now curſe him,
or wiſh in th'agonie of my troubled ſoule,
lightning had found him in his mothers womb
you'll ſay is from the purpoſe, and I therefore
betake him to the Devill, and ſo leave him.
Did never loyall father but my ſelfe
beget a treacherous iſſue? was't in me
with as much eaſe to faſhion up his minde,
as in his generation to forme
the organs to his body? muſt it follow
becauſe that he is impious, I am falſe?
I would not boaſt my actions, yet tis lawfull
to upbraid my benefits to unthankfull men.
Who ſuncke the Turkiſh gallies in the Straights,
but *Malefort*? who reſcu'd the French Marchants,
when they were boorded, and ſtowed under hatches
by the Pirats of Argiers, when everie minute

they

they did expect to be chain'd to the oare,
but your now doubted Admirall? then you fill'd
the aire with shouts of joy, and did proclaime
when hope had left them, and grim-look'd Despaire
hover'd with saile-stretcht wings over their heads,
to me, as to the *Neptune* of the Sea,
they ow'd the restitution of their goods,
their lives, their liberties. O can it then
be probable, my Lords, that he that never
became the master of a Pirats ship,
but at the maine yard hung the Captaine up,
and caus'd the rest to be throwne over boord,
should after all these proofes of deadly hate,
so oft expres'd against 'em, entertaine
a thought of quarter with 'em, but much lesse
(to the perpetuall ruine of my glories)
to joyne with them to lift a wicked arme
against my mother Countrey, this Marsellis,
which with my prodigall expence of bloud
I have so oft protected.

Beauf. sen. What you have done
is granted, and applauded, but yet know
this glorious relation of your actions
must not so blinde our judgements, as to suffer
this most unnaturall crime you stand accus'd of,
to passe unquestion'd.

Cham. No, you must produce
reasons of more validitie, and weight,
to plead in your defence, or we shall hardly
conclude you innocent.

Mont. The large volume of
your former worthy deeds, with your experience,
both what, and when to doe, but makes against you.

Lan. For had your care and courage beene the same
as heretofore, the dangers we are plung'd in
had beene with ease prevented.

Mal. sen. What have I

Omitted in the power of flesh, and bloud,
Even in the birth to strangle the designes
Of this hell-bred wolfe my sonne? alas my Lords,
I am no god, nor like him could foresee
His cruell thoughts, and cursed purposes,
Nor would the sun at my command forbeare
To make his progresse to the other world,
Affording to us one continued light.
Nor could my breath dispresse those foggie mists
Coverde with which, and darkenesse of the night,
Their navie undiscernd, without resistance
Beset our harbor? make not that my fault,
Which you in justice must ascribe to fortune.
But if that nor my former acts, nor what
I have deliverd, can prevaile with you
To make good my integritie and truth:
Rip up this bosome, and plucke out the heart
That hath beene ever loyall.

Beauf. sen. How! a trumpet! *A trumpet within.*
Enquire the cause. *Montrevile goes off.*

Mal. Thou searcher of mens hearts,
And sure defender of the innocent,
(My other crying sinnes, a while not lookd on)
If I in this am guiltie strike me dead,
Or by some unexpected meanes confirme,
I am accusd unjustly.

Enter Montrevile and a sea Captaine.

Beauf. sen. Speake the motives
That brings thee hither.

Capt. From our Admirall thus,
He does salute you fairely, and desires
It may be understood no publike hate,
Hath brought him to Marsellis, nor seekes he
The ruine of his countrie, but aimes only
To wreake a private wrong; and if from you
He may have leave, and liberty to decide it
In a single combate, he'll give up good pledges

If he fall in the triall of his right,
Wee ſhall waigh anchor and no more moleſt
This towne with hoſtile armes.
Beauf. ſen. Speake to the man,
(If in this preſence he appeare to you)
To whom you bring this challenge.
Cap. Tis to you;
Beauf. ſen. His father!
Montre. Can it be!
Beauf. jun. Strange and prodigious.
Mal. ſen. Thou ſeeſt I ſtand unmovd were thy voice thunder
It ſhould not ſhake mee, ſay what would the viper?
Cap. The reverence a fathers name may challenge,
And duty of a ſonne, no more remembred
He does defie thee to the death.
Mal. ſen. Goe on.
Cap. And with his ſword well prove it on thy head,
Thou art a murtherer, an Atheiſt
And that all attributes of men turnd furies
Cannot expreſſe thee, this he will make good
If thou darſt give him meeting.
Mal. ſen. Dare I live,
Dare I when mountaines of my ſins ore whelme me
At my laſt gaſpe aske for mercie? how I bleſſe
Thy comming Captaine, never man to me
Arriv'd ſo opportunely; and thy meſſage,
However it may ſeeme to threaten death,
Does yield to mee a ſecond life in curing
My wounded honour, ſtand I yet ſuſpected
As a confederate with this enemie,
VVhom of all men, againſt all ties of nature
He markes out for deſtruction? you are juſt
Immortall powers, and in this merciful,
And it takes from any ſorrow, and my ſhame
For being the father to ſo bad a ſonne,
In that you are pleaſd to offer up the monſter
To my correction. Bluſh and repent

As you are bound my honourable Lords
Your ill opinions of me, not great *Brutus*
The father of the Roman liberty
With more assured constancy beheld
His traytor sons, for labouring to call home
The banished Tarquins, scourgd with rods to death,
Then I will show when I take backe the life
This prodigie of mankinde receivd from me.

Beauf. sen. Weare sory Monsieur *Malefort* for our errour
And are much taken with your resolution
But the disparity of yeares, and strength
Between you, and your sonne, duely considerd
We would not so expose you.

Mal. sen. Then you kill me
Under pretence to save me. O my Lords
As you love honour, and a wrongd mans fame.
Denie me not this faire, and noble meanes
To make me right againe to all the world.
Should any other but my selfe be chosen
To punish this Apostata with death,
You rob a wretched father of a justice
That to all after times will be recorded,
I wish his strength were centuple, his skill equall
To my experience, that in his fall
He may not shame my victory, I feele
The powers, and spirits of twenty strong men in me.
Were hee with wild fire circl'd, I undaunted
Would make way to him, as you doe affect Sir
My daughter *Theocrine*, as you are
My true and ancient friend, as thou art valiant,
And as all love a souldier, second me
In this my just petition, in your lookes
I see a grant my Lord.

They all suite to the governour.

Beauf. sen. You shall orebeare me,
And since you are so confident in your cause,
Prepare you for the combate.

Mal. sen. With more joy

Then

Then yet I ever tasted, by the next sunne,
The disobedient rebell shall heare from me
And so returne in safety, my good Lords,
To all my service, I will die or purchase
Rest to Marsellis, nor can I make doubt,
But his impietie is a potent charme,
To edge my sword and adde strength to my arme. *Exeunt.*

Actus secundi Scæna prima.

Enter three Sea Captaines.

2. CAPTAINE.

HEE did accept the challenge then?

1. *Cap.* Nay more,
Was overjoyd in't; and as it had beene
A faire invitement to a solemne feast,
And not a combate to conclude with death,
He chearefully imbrac'd it.

3. *Cap.* Are the articles
Sign'd to on both parts?

1. *Cap.* At the fathers suit,
With much unwillingnesse the governour
Consented to 'em.

2. *Cap.* You are inward with
Our Admirall; could you yet never learne
What the nature of the quarrell is, that renders
The sonne, more then incensed, implacable
Against the father?

1. *Cap.* Never; yet I have
As far as manners would give warrant to it,
With my best curiousnesse of care observ'd him,
I have sate with him in his cabin a day together,

Yet not a ſillable exchang'd between us,
Sigh he did often, as if inward griefe,
And melancholy at that inſtant would
Choke up his vitall ſpirits, and now and then
A teare, or two, as in deriſion of
The toughneſſe of his rugged temper would
Fall on his hallow cheekes, which but once felt,
A ſudden flaſh of fury did dry up,
And laying then his hand upon his ſword,
He would murmure, but yet ſo as I oft hard him,
We ſhall meete cruell father, yes we ſhall,
When i'll exact for every womaniſh drop
Of ſorrow from theſe eies, a ſtrict accompt
Of much more from thy heart.

2. *Cap.* Tis wondrous ſtrange.

3. *Cap.* And paſt my apprehenſion.

1. *Cap.* Yet what makes
The miracle greater, when from the maine top
A ſayle's deſcride, all thoughts that doe concerne
Himſelfe layd by, no Lyon pinchd with hunger,
Rowzes himſelfe more fiercely from his den,
Then he comes on the decke, and there how wiſely
He gives directions, and how ſtout he is
In his executions, we to admiration,
Have beene eye-witneſſes, yet he never minds
The bootie when tis made ours, but as if
The danger, in the purchaſe of the prey
Delighted him much more then the reward.
His will made knowne he does retire himſelfe
To his private contemplation, no joy
Expreſſ'd by him for victory. *Enter Malefort junior.*

2. *Cap.* Heare he comes
But with more chearefull lookes then ever yet
I ſaw him weare.

Mal. jun. It was long ſince reſolv'd on
Nor muſt I ſtagger now, may the cauſe
That forces mee to this unnaturall act,

Be buried in everlasting silence,
And I finde rest in death, or my revenge,
To either I stand equall. Pray you Gentlemen
Be charitable in your censures of me,
And doe not entertaine a false beleefe
That I am mad, for undertaking that
Which must be, when effected, still repented.
It addes to my calamitie that I have
Discourse and reason, and but too well know
I can nor live, nor end a wretched life,
But both wayes I am impious. Doe not therefore
Ascribe the perturbation of my soule
To a servile feare of death: I oft have view'd
All kindes of his inevitable darts,
Nor are they terrible. Were I condemn'd to leape
From the cloud-covered browes of a steepe rocke
Into the deepe; or *Curtius*-like to fill up,
For my Countries safetie and an after name,
A bottomlesse Abysse, or charge through fire,
It could not so much shake me, as th'encounter
Of this dayes single enemie.

1. *Cap.* If you please, Sir,
You may shun it, or defer it.

Mal. jun. Not for the world:
Yet two things I entreat you, the first is,
You'll not enquire the difference betweene
My selfe and him, which as a father once
I honour'd, now my deadliest enemie,
The last is, if I fall, to beare my body
Far from this place, and where you please interre it.
I should say more, but by his sudden comming
I am cut off.

Enter Beaufort junior, and Montreville leading in Malefort senior; Belgarde following with others.

Beauf. jun. Let me, Sir, have the honour
To be your second.

Montr. With your pardon, Sir,
I must put in for that, since our tried friendship
Hath lasted from our infancie.
Belg. I have serv'd
Under your command, and you have seen me fight,
And handsomely, though I say it, and if now
At this downeright game, I may but hold your cards,
I'll not pull downe the side.
Mal. sen. I rest much bound
To your so noble offers, and I hope
Shall finde your pardon, though I now refuse 'em,
For which I'll yeeld strong reasons, but as briefly
As the time will give me leave. For me to borrow
(That am suppos'd the weaker) any aid
From the assistance of my Seconds sword,
Might write me downe in the blacke list of those,
That have nor fire, nor spirit of their owne;
But dare, and doe, as they derive their courage
From his example, on whose help and valour
They wholly doe depend. Let this suffice
In my excuse for that. Now if you please
On both parts to retire to yonder mount,
Where you, as in a Roman Theater,
May see the bloudy difference determin'd,
Your favours meet my wishes.
Mal. jun. 'Tis approv'd of
By me, and I command you lead the way,
And leave me to my fortune.
Beauf. jun. I would gladly
Be a spectator (since I am deni'd
To be an Actor) of each blow, and thrust,
And punctually observe 'em.
Mal. jun. You shall have
All you desire; for in a word or two
I must make bold to entertaine the time,
If he give suffrage to it.
Mal. sen. Yes, I will,

I'll heare thee, and then kill thee: nay farewell.
Mal. jun. Embrace with love on both sides, and with us
Leave deadly hate, and furie.
Mal. sen. From this place
You nere shall see both living.
Belg. What's past help, is
Beyond prevention.
Mal. sen. Now we are alone, Sir,
And thou hast libertie to unlode the burthen
Which thou groan'st under. Speake thy griefes.
Mal. jun. I shall, Sir;
But in a perplext forme and method, which
You onely can interpret; would you had not
A guiltie knowledge in your bosome of
The language which you force me to deliver,
So I were nothing. As you are my father
I bend my knee, and uncompell'd professe
My life, and all thats mine, to be your gift;
And that in a sonnes dutie I stand bound
To lay this head beneath your feet, and run
All desperate hazards for your ease and safetie.
But this confest on my part, I rise up,
And not as with a father, (all respect,
Love, feare, and reverence cast off,) but as
A wicked man I thus expostulate with you.
Why have you done that which I dare not speake?
And in the action chang'd the humble shape
Of my obedience, to rebellious rage
And insolent pride? and with shut eyes constrain'd me
To run my Barke of honour on a shelfe,
I must not see, nor if I saw it, shun it?
In my wrongs nature suffers, and lookes backward,
And mankinde trembles to see me pursue
What beasts would flie from. For when I advance
This sword, as I must doe against your head,
Pietie will weepe, and filiall dutie mourne,
To see their altars which you built up in me,

They embrace on both sides, and take leave severally of the father and sonne.

In a moment raz'd and ruin'd, that you could
(From my griev'd ſoule I wiſh it) but produce
To qualifie, not excuſe your deed of horror,
One ſeeming reaſon that I might fix here,
And move no farther.
Mal. ſen. Have I ſo far loſt
A fathers power, that I muſt give account
Of my actions to my ſonne? or muſt I plead
As a fearefull priſoner at the bar, while he
That owes his being to me ſits a Judge
To cenſure that, which onely by my ſelfe
Ought to be queſtion'd? mountaines ſooner fall
Beneath their vallies, and the loftie Pine
Pay homage to the Bramble, or what elſe is
Prepoſterous in nature, ere my tongue
In one ſhort ſillable yeelds ſatisfaction
To any doubt of thine, nay though it were
A certaintie diſdaining argument.
Since though my deeds wore Hels blacke liverie,
To thee they ſhould appeare triumphall robes,
Set off with glorious honour, thou being bound
To ſee with my eyes, and to hold that reaſon,
That takes or birth or faſhion from my will.
Mal. jun. This ſword divides that ſlaviſh knot.
Mal. ſen. It cannot,
It cannot wretch, and if thou but remember
From whom thou hadſt this ſpirit, thou dar'ſt not hope it.
Who train'd thee up in armes but I? Who taught thee
Men were men onely when they durſt looke downe
With ſcorne on death and danger, and contemn'd
All oppoſition, till plum'd victorie
Had made her conſtant ſtand upon their helmets?
Under my ſhield thou haſt fought as ſecurely
As the young Eglet, covered with the wings
Of her fierce Dam, learnes how and where to prey.
All that is manly in thee, I call mine;
But what is weake and womaniſh, thine owne.

And what I gave, ſince thou art proud, ungrateſull,
Preſuming to contend with him, to whom
Submiſſion is due, I will take from thee.
Looke therefore for extremities, and expect not
I will correct thee as a ſonne, but kill thee
As a Serpent ſwolne with poyſon, who ſurviving
A little longer, with infectious breath,
Would render all things neere him, like it ſelfe
Contagious. Nay, now my anger's up,
Ten thouſand virgins kneeling at my feet,
And with one generall crie howling for mercie,
Shall not redeeme thee.

Mal. jun. Thou incenſed Power,
A while forbeare thy thunder, let me have
No aid in my revenge, if from the grave
My mother.

Mal. ſen. Thou ſhalt never name her more. *Above Beauf. jun.*

Beauf. They are at it. *Montr. Belg. the*

2. *Cap.* That thruſt was put ſtrongly home. *three Sea Capt.*

Montr. But with more ſtrength avoyded.

Belg. Welcome in,
He has drawne bloud of him yet, well done old Cocke.

1. *Cap.* That was a ſtrange miſſe.

Beauf. jun. That a certaine hit.

Belg. Hee's ſalne, the day is ours. *Young Malefort ſlaine.*

2. *Cap.* The Admiral's ſlaine.

Montr. The father is victorious!

Belg. Let us haſte
To gratulate his conqueſt.

1. Wee to mourne
The fortune of the ſonne.

Beauf. jun. With utmoſt ſpeed
Acquaint the Governour with the good ſucceſſe,
That he may entertaine to his full merit,
The father of his Countries peace and ſafetie. *They deſcend.*

Mal. ſen. Were a new life hid in each mangled limbe,
I would ſearch, and finde it. And howere to ſome

I may ſeeme cruell, thus to tyrannize
Upon this ſenſleſſe fleſh, I glorie in it.
That I have power to be unnaturall,
Is my ſecuritie, die all my feares,
And waking jealouſies, which have ſo long
Beene my tormentors, theres now no ſuſpition;
A fact, which I alone am conſcious of,
Can never be diſcover'd, or the cauſe
That call'd this Duell on. I being above
All perturbations, nor is it in
The power of Fate, againe to make me wretched.

Enter Beaufort jun. Montreville. Belgarde, the three Sea Captaines.

Beauf. jun. All honour to the Conquerour. Who dares tax
My friend of treacherie now?

Belg. I am verie glad, Sir,
You have ſped ſo well. But I muſt tell you thus much,
To put you in minde that a low ebbe muſt follow
Your high ſwolne tide of happineſſe, you have purchaſt this honour at a high price.

Mal. ſen. 'Tis *Belgarde*,
Above all eſtimation, and a little
To be exalted with it cannot ſavour
Of arrogance: that to this arme and ſword,
Marſellis owes the freedome of her feares,
Or that my loyaltie not long ſince eclips'd,
Shines now more bright than ever, are not things
To be lamented. Though indeed they may
Appeare too dearely bought, my falling glories
Being made up againe, and cemented
With a ſonnes bloud. 'Tis true, he was my ſonne
While he was worthy, but when he ſhooke off
His dutie to me, (which my fond indulgence
Upon ſubmiſſion might perhaps have pardon'd)
And grew his Countries enemie, I look'd on him
As a Stranger to my family, and a Traytor

Juſtly

Justly proscrib'd, and he to be rewarded
That could bring in his head. I know in this
That I am censur'd rugged, and austere,
That will vouchsafe not one sad sigh or teare
Vpon his slaughter'd body. But I rest
Well satisfi'd in my selfe, being assur'd
That extraordinarie vertues, when they soare
Too high a pitch for common sights to judge of,
Losing their proper splendour, are condemn'd
For most remarkable vices.

Beauf. Tis too true, Sir,
In the opinion of the multitude:
But for my selfe that would be held your friend,
And hope to know you by a nearer name,
They are as they deserve, receiv'd.

Mal. My daughter
Shall thanke you for the favour.

Beauf. jun. I can wish
No happinesse beyond it.

1. *Cap.* Shall we have leave
To beare the corps of our dead Admirall,
As he enjoyn'd us from this Coast?

Mal. Provided
The articles agreed on, be observ'd,
And you depart hence with it, making oath
Never hereafter but as friends to touch
Vpon this shore.

1. *Cap.* Wee'll faithfully performe it.

Mal. Then as you please dispose of it. 'Tis an object
That I could wish remov'd. His sins die with him,
So far he has my charitie.

1. *Cap.* He shall have
A Souldiers funerall.

The Sea Captaines beare the body off with sad musicke.

Mal. Farewell.

Beauf. jun. These rites
Paid to the dead, the Conquerour that survives
Must reape the harvest of his bloudy labour.

Sound

Sound all loud instruments of joy and triumph,
And with all circumstance, and ceremonie
Wait on the Patron of our libertie,
Which he at all parts merits.
Mal. I am honour'd.
Beyond my hopes.
Beauf. jun. 'Tis short of your deserts.
Lead on: Oh Sir you must: you are too modest.
Exeunt with loud musicke.

Actus secundi Scæna secunda.
Theocrine, Page, Women.

Theoc. Talke not of comfort, I am both wayes wretched,
And so distracted with my doubts and feares,
I know not where to fix my hopes. My losse
Is certaine in a father, or a brother,
Or both, such is the crueltie of my fate,
And not to be avoyded.
1. *Wom.* You must beare it
With patience, Madam.
2. *Wom.* And what's not in you
To be prevented, should not cause a sorrow
Which cannot help it.
Page, Feare not my brave Lord
Your noble father; fighting is to him
Familiar as eating. He can teach
Our moderne Duellists how to cleave a button,
And in a new way, never yet found out
By old *Caranza.*
1. *Wom.* May he be victorious,
And punish disobedience in his sonne,
Whose death in reason should at no part move you,
He being but halfe your brother, and the neerenesse,
Which that might challenge from you, forfeited
By his impious purpose to kill him, from whom
He receiv'd life. *A shout within.*

2. *Wom.*

2. *Wom.* A generall ſhout:
1. *Wom.* Of joy.
Page. Looke up deare Lady, ſad newes never came
Uſherd with loud applauſe. *Enter Uſher.*
Theo. I ſtand prepard,
To indure the ſhocke of it.
Uſh. I am out of breath
With running to deliver firſt.
Theo. What?
Uſh. Wee are all made,
My Lord has wont the day, your brother's ſlaine,
The pirats gone, and by the governour,
And ſtates, and all the men of war he is
Brought home in triumph, nay no muſing, pay me
For my good newes hereafter.
Theo. Heaven is juſt!
Uſh. Give thankes at leaſure, make all haſt to meete him
I coulde wiſh I were a horſe that I might beare you
To him upon my backe.
Page. Thou art an aſſe,
And this is a ſweete burthen.
Uſh. Peace you crackrope. *Exeunt.*

Actus ſecundi Scæna tertia.

Loud muſicke, Montreville, Belgarde, Beaufort junior, Beaufort ſenior, Malefort, followed by Montaigne, Chamont Lanour.

Beauf. ſen. All honours we can give you and rewards
Though all that's rich, or pretious in Marſellis
Were layd downe at your feet, can hold no waight
With your deſervings, let me glory in
Your action as if it were mine owne,
And have the honour with the armes of love,
To embrace the great performer of a deed,

Transcending all this Countrey ere could boast of.
Mont. Imagine, noble Sir, in what we may
Expresse our thankfulnesse, and rest assur'd
It shall be freely granted.
Cham. Hee's an enemie
To goodnesse and to vertue, that dares thinke
There's any other thing within our power to give,
Which you in justice may not boldly challenge.
Lan. And as your owne, for we will ever be
At your devotion.
Mal. Much honour'd Sir,
And you my noble Lords, I can say onely,
The greatnesse of your favours overwhelme me,
And like too large a saile, for the small barke
Of my poore merits, sinks me. That I stand
Vpright in your opinions, is an honour
Exceeding my deserts, I having done
Nothing but what in dutie I stood bound to:
And to expect a recompence were base,
Good deeds being ever in themselves rewarded.
Yet since your liberall bounties tell me that
I may with your allowance be a Suitor,
To you my Lord I am an humble one,
And must aske that, which knowne, I feare you will
Censure me over-bold.
Beauf. sen. It must be something
Of a strange nature, if it finde from me
Deniall or delay.
Mal. Thus then my Lord,
Since you encourage me: You are happie in
A worthy sonne, and all the comfort that
Fortune has left me is one daughter; now
If it may not appeare too much presumption,
To seeke to match my lowuesse with your height,
I should desire (and if I may obtaine it,
I write *Nil ultra* to my largest hopes)
She may in your opinion be thought worthy

To be receiv'd into your family,
And married to your sonne: their yeares are equall,
And their desires I thinke too, she is not
Ignoble, nor my state contemptible,
And if you thinke me worthy your alliance,
'Tis all I doe aspire to.

Beauf. jun. You demand
That which with all the service of my life
I should have labour'd to obtaine from you.
O, Sir, why are you slow to meet so faire
And noble an offer? Can France shew a virgin
That may be parallel'd with her? Is she not
The Phœnix of the time? the faireſt star
In the bright sphere of women?

Beauf. sen. Be not rap'd so:
Though I dislike not what is motion'd, yet
In what so neere concernes me, it is fit
I should proceed with judgement:

Enter Vsher, Theocrine, Page, Women.

Beauf. jun. Here she comes,
Looke on her with impartiall eyes, and then
Let envie if it can, name one grac'd feature
In which she is defective.

Mal. Welcome Girle:
My joy, my comfort, my delight, my all,
Why dost thou come to greet my victorie
In such a sable habit? this shew'd well
When thy father was a prisoner, and suspected;
But now his faith and loyaltie are admir'd,
Rather than doubted, in your outward garments
You are to expresse the joy you feele within;
Nor should you with more curiousneſſe and care,
Pace to the Temple to be made a Bride,
Than now, when all mens eyes are fixt upon you,
You should appeare to entertaine the honour
From me descending to you, and in which
You have an equall share.

Theo. Heaven has my thankes
With all humility payd for your faire fortune,
And ſo farre duty bindes me, yet a little
To mourn a brothers loſſe (however wicked)
The tenderneſſe familiar to our ſex
May if you pleaſe excuſe
Mal. Thou art deceiv'd.
Hee living was a blemiſh to thy beauties,
But in his death gives ornament, and luſtre
To thy perfections, but that they are
So exquiſitly rare, that they admit not
The leaſt addition. Ha! heres yet a print
Of a ſad teare on thy cheeke, how it takes from
Our preſent happineſſe! with a fathers lips,
A loving fathers lips, i'll kiſſe it off
The cauſe no more remembred.
Theo. You forget Sir
The preſence we are in.
Mal. Tis well conſidered,
And yet who is the owner of a treaſure,
Above all valew, but without offence,
May glory in the glad poſſeſſion of it.
Nor let it in your excellence beget wonder,
Or any here that looking on the daughter,
I feaſt my ſelfe in the imagination
Of thoſe ſweet pleaſures, and allowd delights,
I taſted from the mother (who ſtill lives
In this her perfit modell) for ſhe had
Such ſmooth & high archd brows, ſuch ſparkling eies,
Whoſe every glance ſtord *Cupids* emptied quiver;
Such ruby lips, and ſuch a lovely browne,
Diſdaining all adulterate aydes of art,
Kep'd a perpetuall ſpring upon her face,
As death himſelfe lamented being forc'd
To blaſt it with his paleneſſe, and if now,
Her brightnes dimd with ſorrow, take and pleaſe you,
Thinke think young Lord, when ſhe appeares her ſelfe

(This vayle remov'd) in her owne naturall pureneſſe
How farre ſhe will tranſport you.
Beauf. jun. Did ſhe need it,
The praiſe which you (and well deſervd) give to her
Muſt of neceſſity raiſe new deſires
In one indebted more to yeares; to me
Your words are but as oyle powr'd on a fire,
That flames already at the height.
Mal. No more;
I doe believe you, and let me from you
Finde ſo much credit, when I make her yours
I doe poſſeſſe you of a gift, which I
With much unwillingneſſe part from. My good Lords
Forbeare your further trouble, give me leave, for on the ſuddaine
I am indiſpoſd to retire to my own houſe, and reſt. To morrow
As you command me I will be your gheſt,
And having deckt my daughter like her ſelfe,
You ſhall have farther conference.
Beauf. ſen. You are Maſter
Of your owne will but fayle not i'll expect you.
Mal. Nay I will be excuſd; I muſt part with you
My deareſt *Theocrine* give me thy hand,
I will ſupport thee.
Theo. You gripe it too hard Sir.
Mal. Indeed I doe, but have no farther end in it,
But love and tenderneſſe ſuch as I may challenge
And you muſt grant. Thou art a ſweet one, yes
And to be cheriſhed.
Theo. May I ſtill deſerve it.

To young Beaufort and the reſt.

They goe off ſeveral wayes

Actus tertii Scæna prima.

Enter Beaufort ſenior, Servant.

Beaufort ſenior.

HAve you beene careſull?
Serv. With my beſt endevours,
Let them bring ſtomacks, theres no want of meat Sir:
Portly and curious viands are prepar'd,
To pleaſe all kindes of appetites.
Beauf. ſen. Tis well.
I love a table furniſht with full plentie,
And ſtore of friends to eat it, but with this caution,
I would not have my houſe a common Inne,
For ſome men that come rather to devoure me,
Than to preſent their ſervice. At this time too
It being a ſerious and ſolemne meeting,
I muſt not haue my boord peſter'd with ſhadowes,
That under other mens protection breake in
Without invitement.
Serv. With your favour then,
You muſt double your gard, my Lord, for on my knowledge
There are ſome ſo ſharp ſet, not to be kept out
By a file of Musketiers. And 'tis leſſe danger,
I'll undertake, to ſtand at puſh of pike
With an enemie in a breach, that undermin'd too,
And the Cannon playing on it, than to ſtop
One Harpie, your perpetuall gheſt, from entrance,
When the dreſſer, the Cookes drum, thunders come on,
The ſervice will be loſt elſe.
Beauf. ſen. What is hee?
Serv. As tall a trencher-man, that is moſt certaine,
As ere demoliſht Pie-fortification
As ſoone as batter'd; and if the rim of his belly

Were not made up of a much tougher ſtuffe
Than his Buffe jerkin, there were no defence
Againſt the charge of his guts: you needs muſt know him,
He's eminent for his eating.

Beauf. ſen. O *Belgarde!*

Serv. The ſame, one of the Admirals caſt Captaines,
Who ſweare, there being no war, nor hope of any,
The onely drilling is to eat devoutly,
And to be ever drinking, (that's allow'd of)
But they know not where to get it, there's the ſpite on't.

Beauf. ſen. The more their miſerie, yet if you can
For this day put him off.

Serv. It is beyond th'invention of man.

Beauf. ſen. No: ſay this onely, *Whiſpers to him.*
And as from me; you apprehend me?

Serv. Yes Sir.

Beauf. ſen. But it muſt be done gravely.

Serv. Never doubt me Sir.

Beauf. ſen. Wee'll dine in the great roome, but let the muſick
And banquet be prepar'd here. *Exit Beauf. ſen.*

Serv. This will make him
Loſe his dinner at the leaſt, and that will vex him.
As for the ſweet meats, when they are trod under foot,
Let him take his ſhare with the Pages and Lacqueyes,
Or ſcramble in the ruſhes.

Enter Belgarde.

Belg. Tis neere twelve,
I keepe a watch within me never miſſes.
Save thee Maſter Steward.

Serv. You are moſt welcome, Sir.

Belg. Has thy Lord ſlept well to night? I come to enquire.
I had a fooliſh dreame, that againſt my will
Carried me from my lodging, to learne onely
How he's diſpos'd.

Serv. He's in moſt perfect health, Sir.

Belg. Let me but ſee him feed heartily at dinner,
And I'll beleeve ſo too, for from that ever

I make

I make a certaine iudgement.
Serv. It holds ſurely
In your owne conſtitution.
Belg. And in all mens
Tis the beſt ſymptome, let us looſe no time,
Delay is dangerous.
Serv. Troth Sir if I might
Without offence deliver what my Lord has
Committed to my truſt, I ſhall receive it
As a ſpeciall favour.
Belg. Weell ſee't, and diſcourſe
As the proverbe ſayes for health ſake after dinner,
Or rather after ſupper, willingly then
I'll walke a mile to here thee.
Serv. Nay good Sir
I will be briefe and pithee.
Belg. Prethee be ſo.
Serv. Hee bid me ſay of all his gheſts, that he
Stands moſt affected to you, for the freedome,
And plainneſſe of your maners. He ne're obſerv'd you
To twirle a diſh about, you did not like of
All being pleaſing to you; or to take
A ſay of veniſon, or ſtale fowle by your noſe,
(Which is a ſoleciſme at anothers table)
But by ſtrong eating of 'em did confirme
They never were delitious to your palat,
But when they were mortifi'd, as the Hugonot ſayes,
And ſo your part growes greater, nor doe you
Find fault with the ſawce, keen hunger being the beſt,
Which ever to your much praiſe, you bring with you;
Nor will you with impertinent relations
Which is a maſter-peece, when meates before you
Forget your teeth to uſe your nimble tongue
But doe the feate you come for.
Belg. Be adviſ'd
And end your jeering; for if you proceede
You'll feele, as I can eate I can be angrie,

And beating may insue.

Serv. I'll take your counsell,
And roundly come to the point, my Lord much wonders
That you, that are a courtier as a souldier,
In all things else, and every day can vary
Your actions and discourse, continue constant
To this one suite?

Belg. To one? tis well I have one,
Unpawnd, in these dayes, every cast commander is not blest with the fortune, I assure you, but why this question? does this offend him?

Serv. Not much: but he believes it is the reason,
You here presume to sit above the salt,
And therefore this day (our great Admirall
With other states being invited ghests)
He does intreate you to appeare among 'em,
In some fresh habit.

Belg. This staffe shall not serve
To beat the dogge off, these are souldiers garments,
And so by consequence grow contemptible.

Serv. It has stung him.

Belg. I would I were aquainted with the players,
In charity they might furnish me, but there is
No faith in Brokers, and for believing Taylors
They are only to be read of, but not seene,
And sure they are confinde to their owne hells,
And there they live invisible, well I must not
Be fobd off thus, pray you report my service
To the Lord governour. I will obey him
And though my wardrop's poore, rather then loose
His company at this feast, I will put on
The richest suite I have, and fill the chaire,
That makes me worthy of —— *Exit Belgarde.*

Serv. We are shot of him, he will be seene no more here, how (my fellowes
Will blesse me for his absence, he had starv'd em
Had he stayd a little longer, would he cood,
For his owne sake shift a shirt, and thats the utmost

Of his ambition, adew good Captaine —— *Exit.*

Enter Beaufort Sen. and Beaufart jun.

Beauf. sen. Tis a strange fondnesse.

Beauf. jun. Tis beyond example,
His resolution to part with his estate,
To make her dower the waightier is nothing,
But to observe how curious he is
In his owne person to adde ornament
To his daughters ravishing features, is the wonder.
I sent a page of mine in the way of courtship,
This morning to her to present my service,
From whom I understand all: there he found him
Sollicitous in what shape she should appeare,
This gowne was rich, but the fashion ttale, the other
Was quaint, and neate, but the stuffe not rich enough,
Then does he curse the Taylor, and in rage
Falls on her Shoomaker, for wanting art
To expresse in every circumstance, the forme
Of her most delicate foote, then sits in counsell
With much deliberation to finde out
What tire would best adorne her; and one chosen
Varying in his opinion, he teares off,
And stamps it under foot, then tries a second
A third and fourth, and satisfied at length
With much a doe in that, he growes agen,
Perplexd and troubl'd where to place her Jewells
To be most mark'd, and whether she should weare
This diamond on her forehead, or betweene
Her milke-white paps; disputing on it both wayes;
Then taking in this hand, a rope of pearle,
(The best of France) he seriously considers
Whither she should dispose it on her arme
Or on her necke, with 20 other trifles, too tedious to deliver.

Beauf. sen. I have knowne him from his first youth, but never yet
In all the passages of his life, and fortunes, observ'd
Vertues so mix'd with vices, valiant the world speakes him,
But with that bloody; liberall in his gifts too,

But

But to maintaine his prodigall expence,
A fierce extortioner, an impotent lover
Of women for a flash, but his fires quench'd,
Hating as deadly, the truth is I am not
Ambitious of this match: nor will I crosse you in your affections.
Beauf. jun. I have ever found you,
(And tis my happinesse) a loving father, *Loud musicke.*
And carefull of my good: ----- by the loud musicke,
As you gave order for his entertainment,
He's come into the house two long houres since,
The Colonels, commissioners and captaines,
To pay him all the rites his worth can challenge,
Went to wayt on him hither.

Enter Malefort, Montaigne, *Chamont*, Lanour, Montreville, *Theocrine*, *Usher*, *Page*, *Women*.

Beauf. sen. You are most welcome,
And what I speake to you, does from My heart
disperse it selfe to all.
Mal. You meet my Lord your trouble.
Beauf sen. Rather Sir increase of honour,
When you are pleas'd to grace my house.
Beauf. jun. The Favour rs doubl'd on my part, most worthy Sir,
Since your faire daughter, my incomparable Mistresse,
Daines us her presence.
Mal. View her well brave *Beaufort*,
But yet at distance, you hereafter may
Make your approaches neerer, when the priest
Hath made it lawfull, and were not shee mine,
I durst alowd proclaime it. *Hymen* never
Put on his saffron coloured robe to change
A barren virgin name with more good omens,
Then at her nuptialls, looke on her againe,
Then tell me if she now appeare the same
That she was yesterday.
Beauf. sen. Being her selfe
She cannot but be excellent, these rich
And curious dressings, which in others might

Cover deformities, from her take luſtre
Nor can adde to her.
Mal. You conceive her right,
And in your admiration of her ſweetneſſe,
You only can deſerve her; bluſh not girle,
Thou art above his praiſe, or mine, nor can
Obſequious flattery though ſhe ſhould uſe
Her thouſand oyld tongues to advance thy worth,
Give ought (for thats impoſſible) but take from
Thy more then humane graces, and even then
When ſhee hath ſpent her ſelfe with her beſt ſtrength,
The wrong ſhe has done thee ſhall be ſo apparent,
That looſing her owne ſervile ſhape and name,
She will be thought detraction, but I
Forget my ſelfe, and ſomething whiſpers to me,
I have ſaid too much.
Mont. I know not what to thinke on't,
But there's ſome myſtery in it, which I feare
Will be too ſoone diſcover'd.
Mal. I much wrong
Your patience noble Sir, by too much hugging
My proper iſſue, and like the fooliſh crow
Believe my blacke brood ſwans.
Beauf. ſen. There needes not Sir
The leaſt excuſe for this, nay I muſt have
Your arme, you being the maſter of the feaſt,
And this the miſtris.
Theo. I am any thing
That you ſhall pleaſe to make mee.
Beauf. jun. Nay tis yours
Without more complement. *Loud muſicke.*

Exeunt Beaufort ſenior, Malefort, Theocrine, Beaufort jun Montaigne, Chamont Lanour, Montreville.

Mont. Your will's a law ſir.
Uſh. Would I had beene borne a Lord.
1. *Wom.* Or I a Lady.
Page. It may be you were both begot in court,

Though

Though bred up in the Citie, for your mothers,
As I have heard lov'd the lobbie, and there nightly
Are seen strange apparitions, and who knowes
But that some noble fawne, heated with wine,
And cloyde with partridge, had a kinde of longing
To trade in sprats? this needs no exposition,
But can you yeeld a reason for your wishes?

Vsh. Why had I beene borne a Lord, I had beene no servant.

1. *Wom.* And where as now necessity makes us wayters,
We had been attended on.

2. *Wom.* And might have slept then,
As long as we pleas'd, and fed when we had stomackes,
And worne new cloths, nor liv'd as now in hope
Of a cast gowne, or petticote.

Page. You are fooles,
And ignorant of your happinesse, ere I was
Sworne to the pantofle, I have heard my tutor
Prove it by logicke, that a servants life
Was better then his masters, and by that
I learne from him, if that my memory faile not,
I'll make it good.

Vsh. Proceed my little wit
In decimo sexto.

Page. Thus then from the king
To the beggar, by gradation all are servants,
And you must grant the slavery is lesse
To studie to please one, then many.

Vsh. True.

Page. Well then, and first to you Sir, you complaine
You serve one Lord, but your Lord serves a thousand,
Besides his passions (that are his worst masters)
You must humor him, and he is bound to sooth
Every grimme Sir above him, if he frowne,
For the least neglect you feare to loose your place,
But if, and with all slavish observation,
From the mignions selfe, to the groome of his close stoole,
He hourly seekes not favour, he is sure

To be eas'd of his office, though perhaps he bought it.
Nay more, that high disposer of all such
That are subordinate to him, serves, and feares
The fury of the many-headed monster,
The giddy multitude. And as a horse
Is still a horse, for all his golden trappings,
So your men of purchas'd titles, at their best are
But serving-men in rich liveries.
Ush. Most rare infant,
Where learnd'st thou this morality?
Page. Why thou dull pate,
As I tould thee, of my tutor.
2. *Wom.* Now for us boy.
Page. I am cut of the governour.
Enter Beaufort sen. Beaufort junior, Servants setting forth a banquet.
Beauf. sen. Quicke, quicke sirs,
See all things perfit.
Serv. Let the blame be ours else.
Beauf. sen. And as I said when we are at the banquet,
And high in our cups, for tis no feast without it,
Especially among souldiers: *Theocrine*
Being retir'd, as that's no place for her,
Take you occasion to rise from the table,
And lose no opportunity.
Beauf. jun. Tis my purpose,
And if I can winne her to give her heart,
I have a holy man in readinesse
To joyne our hands, for the Admirall her father repents him of his grant to me, and
So far transported with a strange opinion
of her faire features, that should we defrre it,
I thinke ere long he will beleeve, and strongly,
The Daulphine is not worthy of her, I
Am much amazd with't. *Exeunt Beaufort sen.*
Beauf. sen. Nay dispatch there fellowes. *Beaufort junior.*
Serv. We are ready when you please, sweet formes your pardon,
It has beene such a busy time I could not

Tender

Tender that ceremonious respect
Which you deserve, but now the great worke ended,
I will attend the lesse, and with all care
Observe, and serve you.
Page. This is a pend speech,
And serves as a perpetuall preface to
A dinner made of fragments.
Vsh. Wee wayt on you. *Loud Musicke.*

Actus tertii, Scæna tertia.

Beaufort senior, Malefort, Montaigne, Chamont, Lanour, Beaufort, junior, Montreville, Servants.

BEAVFORT SENIOR.

YOU are not merry Sir.
Mal. Yes my good Lord,
You have given us ample meanes to drowne all cares,
And yet I nourish strange thoughts, which I would *Aside.*
Most willingly destroy
Beauf. sen. Pray you take your place,
Beauf. jun. And drink a health, and let it be if you please
To the worthiest of Women, now observe him.
Mal. Give mee the bowle, since you doe me the honour,
I will beginne it.
Cham. May wee know her name Sir?
Mal. You shall, I will not choose a forraigne Queenes,
Nor yet our owne, for that would relish of
Tame flattery; nor doe their height of title,
Or absolute power confirme their worth and goodnesse,
These being heavens gifts and frequently confer'd
On such as are beneath em; nor will I
Name the king Mistresse howsoever shee
In his esteeme may carry it, but if I,
As wine gives liberty, may use my freedome;

Not

Not swayd this way, or that with confidence,
(And I will make it good on any equall)
If it must be to her, whose outward forme
Is better'd by the beauty of her minde,
She lives not that with justice can pretend
An interest to this so sacred health,
But my faire daughter. He that only doubts it,
I doe pronounce a villain, this to her then. *Drinkes.*

Mont. What may we thinke of this? *Loud musicke.*

Beauf. sen. It matters not.

Lan. For my part I will sooth him rather then
Draw on a quarrell, *Chamont.*

Mont. Tis the safest course, and one I mean to follow.

Beauf. jun. It has gone round Sir. *Exit Beaufort junior.*

Mal. Now you have done her right, if there be any
Worthy to second this, propose it bouldly,
I am your pledge.

Beauf. sen. Lets pause here if you please,
And entertaine the time with something else,
Musicke there in some lofty straine, the song too
That I gave order for; the new one cald
The souldiers delight?

The song ended: enter Belgarde in armor a case of Carbines by his side.

Belg. Who stops mee now?
Or who dares only say that I appeare not
In the most rich and glorious habit that
Renders a man compleate? what court so set off
With state and ceremonious pompe, but thus
Accoutred I may enter? or what feast
Though all the elements at once were ransack'd,
To store it with varietie transcending
The curiousnesse, and cost, on Traians birth day,
(Where princes only, and confederat kings
Did sit as ghests, serv'd, and attended on
By the senators of Rome, sat with a souldier
In this his naturall, and proper shape
Might not and bouldly fill a seat, and by

His preſent make the great ſolemnity
More honour'd and remarkeable?
Beauf. ſen. Tis acknowledg'd,
And this a grace done to me unexpected.
Mont. But why in armor?
Mal. What's the myſterie?
Pray you reveale that.
Belg. Souldiers out of action,
That very rare, but like unbidden gheſts
Bring their ſtooles with em, for their owne defence,
At court ſhould feed in gauntlets, they may have
Their fingers cut elſe; there your carpet knights,
That never charg'd beyond a miſtreſſe lips,
Are ſtill moſt keene, and valiant, but to you
Whom it does moſt concern, my Lord, I will
Addreſſe my ſpeech, and with a ſouldiers freedome
In my reproofe returne the bitter ſcoffe,
You threw upon my poverty, you contemn'd
My courſer outſide, and from that concluded,
(As by your groome you made me underſtand)
I was unworthy to ſit at your table,
Among theſe tiſſues, and imbroideries,
Unleſſe I chang'd my habit, I have done it,
And ſhow my ſelfe in that which I have worne
In the heate and fervor of a bloudy fight,
And then it was in faſhion, not as now
Ridiculous, and deſpis'd, this hath paſt through
A wood of pikes, and every one aim'd at it,
Yet ſcornd to take impreſſion from their fury
With this, as ſtill you ſee it freſh and new
I have charg'd through fire that would have ſing'd your ſables
Blacke fox, and ermins, and chang'd the proud colour
Of Skarlet though of the right Tirian die;
But now as if the trappings made the man, ſuch only are
Admir'd that come adorn'd
With what's no part of them, this is mine owne
My richeſt ſuit, a ſuite I muſt not part from,

But not regarded now, and yet remember
Tis we that bring you in the meanes of feasts,
Banquets, and revels, which when you possesse,
With barbarous ingratitude you deny us
To be made sharers in the harvest, which
Our sweat and industrie reap'd, and sow'd for you.
The silks you weare, we with our bloud spin for you;
This massie plate, that with the ponderous waight
Does make your cupboods crack, we (unaffrighted
With tempests, or the long and tedious way,
Or dreadfull monsters of the deepe, that wait
With open jawes still ready to devoure us)
Fetch from the other world. Let it not then
In after ages to your shame be spoken,
That you with no relenting eyes looke on
Our wants that feed your plentie; or consume
In prodigall, and wanton gifts on Drones
The Kingdomes treasure, yet detaine from us
The debt that with the hazard of our lives,
We have made you stand ingag'd for: or force us
Against all civill government in armour
To require that, which with all williogneſſe
Should be tender'd, ere demanded.

Beauf. sen. I commend
This wholsome sharpnesse in you, and preferit
Before obsequious tameneſſe, it shewes lovely:
Nor shall the raine of your good counsell fall
Upon the barren sands, but spring up fruit
Such as you long have wisht for. And the rest
Of your profession like you discontented
For want of meanes, shall in their present payment
Be bound to praise your boldneſſe: and hereafter
I will take order you shall have no cause,
For want of change to put your armour on
But in the face of an enemie; not as now
Among your friends. To that which is due to you,

To furniſh you like your ſelfe, of mine owne bountie
I'll adde five hundred crownes.
Cham. I to my power
Will follow the example.
Mont. Take this Captaine,
Tis all my preſent ſtore, but when you pleaſe,
Command me further.
Lan. I could wiſh it more.
Belg. This is the luckieſt jeſt ever came from me.
Let a Souldier uſe no other Scribe to draw
The forme of his petition. This will ſpeed
When your thrice humble ſupplications,
With prayers for encreaſe of health and honours
To their grave Lordſhips ſhall as ſoone as read
Be pocketted up, the cauſe no more remembred.
When this dumb Rhetorique.——Well, I have a life,
Which I in thankfulneſſe for your great favours,
My noble Lords, when you pleaſe to command it,
Muſt never thinke mine owne. Broker, be happie,
Theſe golden birds flie to thee. *Exit Belgarde.*
Beauf. ſen. You are dull, Sir,
And ſeeme not to be taken with the paſſage
You ſaw preſented.
Mal. Paſſage? I obſerv'd none,
My thoughts were elſewhere buſied. Ha! ſhe is
In danger to be loſt, to be loſt for ever,
If ſpeedily I come not to her reſcue,
For ſo my *Genius* tels me.
Montr. What *Chimera's*
Worke on your phantaſie?
Mal. Phantaſies? They are truths.
Where is my *Theocrine?* You have plotted
To rob me of my Daughter: bring me to her,
Or I'll call downe the Saints to witneſſe for me:
You are inhoſpitable.
Beauf. ſen. You amaze me,
Your Daughter's ſafe, and now exchanging courtſhip

With my ſonne her ſervant, why doe you heare this
With ſuch diſtracted lookes? ſince to that end
You brought her hither?
Mal. Tis confeſs'd I did,
But now pray you pardon me, and if you pleaſe
Ere ſhe deliver up her virgin fort,
I would obſerve what is the art he uſes
In planting his artillery againſt it,
She is my only care, nor muſt ſhe yield
But upon noble termes.
Beauf. ſen. Tis ſo determind.
Ma. Yet I am jealous.
Mont. Overmuch I feare.
What paſſions are theſe?
Beauf. ſen. Come I will bring you
Where you, with theſe if they ſo pleaſe, may ſee
The love-ſcæne acted.
Montre. There is ſomething more
Then fatherly love in this.
Monta. We wayt upon you. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus tertij Scæna Vltima.

Beauſort jun. Theocrine.

Beauf. jun. Since then you meet my flames with equall order
As you profeſſe, it is your bounty miſtreſſe,
Nor muſt I call it debt, yet tis your glory,
That your exceſſe ſupplies my want, and makes mee
Strong in my weakeneſſe, which could never bee,
But in your good opinion.
Theo. You teach me Sir,
What I ſhould ſay, ſince from your ſun of favour,
I like dimme Phœbe, in her ſelfe obſcure,
Borrow that light I have.
Beauf. jun. Which you returne
With large increaſe (ſince that you will orecome,
And I dare not contend) were you but pleas'd

To make what's yet divided one.
Theo. I have
Already in my wiſhes, modeſty
Forbids me to ſpeake more.
Beauf. jun. but what aſſurance,
(But ſtill without offence) may I demand
That may ſecure me that your heart and tongue
Joyne to make up this harmonie?
Theo. Chooſe any
Suiting your love diſtinguiſhed from luſt,
To aske and mine to grant.
Enter (as unſeene) Beaufort ſenior, Malefort, Montreville, and the reſt.
Beauf. ſen. Yonder they are.
Mal. At diſtance too, tis yet well.
Beauf. jun. I may take then
This hand, and with a thouſand burning kiſſes,
Sweare tis the anchor to my hopes?
Theo. You may Sir.
Mal. This is ſomewhat too much.
Beauf. iun. And this done, view my ſelfe
In theſe true mirrors.
Theo. Ever trew to you Sir,
And may they looſe th'abilitie of ſight,
When they ſeeke other object.
Mal. This is more
Then *I* can give conſent to.
Beauf. iun. And a kiſſe,
Thus printed on your lips will not diſtaſt you?
Mal. Her lips!
Montre. Why where ſhould he kiſſe? are you diſtracted?
Beauf. iun. Then when this holy man hath made it lawfull.
brings in a Prieſt.
Mal. A prieſt ſo ready too! I muſt breake in.
Beauf. iun. And what's ſpoke here is regiſtred above,
I muſt ingroſſe thoſe favours to my ſelfe
Which are not to be nam'd.
Theo. All I can give,

But what they are I know not.
Beauf. jun. I'll instruct you.
Mal. O how my bloud boyles!
Montr. Pray you containe your selfe,
Me thinkes his courtship's modest.
Beauf. jun. Then being mine,
And wholly mine, the river of your love
To kinsmen and allies, nay to your father,
(Howere out of his tendernesse he admires you)
Must in the Ocean of your affection
To me be swallow'd up, and want a name
Compar'd with what you owe me.
Theoc. Tis most fit, Sir,
The stronger bond that bindes me to you, must
Dissolve the weaker.
Mal. I am ruin'd if
I come not fairely off.
Beauf. sen. Theres nothing wanting
But your consent.
Mal. Some strange invention aid me. *Aside.*
This! yes, it must be so.
Montr. Why doe you stagger,
When what you seem'd so much to wish is offerd?
Beauf. jun. Both parties being agreed to.
Beauf. sen. I'll not court
A grant from you, nor doe I wrong your Daughter,
Though I say my sonne deserves her.
Mal. Tis far from
My humble thoughts to undervalue him
I cannot prize too high. For howsoever
From my owne fond indulgence I have sung
Her praises with too prodigall a tongue,
That tendernesse laid by, I stand confirmd
All that I fancied excellent in her
Ballanc'd, with what is really his owne,
Holds waight in no proportion.
Montr. New turnings!

Beauf. sen. Whither tends this?
Mal. Had you observ'd, my Lord,
With what a sweet gradation he wood,
As I did punctually, you cannot blame her,
Though she did listen with a greedie eare
To his faire modest offers: but so great
A good as then flow'd to her, should have beene
With more deliberation entertaind,
And not with such haste swallowd, she shall first
Consider seriously what the blessing is,
And in what ample manner to give thanks for't,
And then receive it. And though I shall thinke
Short minutes yeeres till it be perfitted,
I will defer that which I most desire,
And so must she, till longing expectation,
That heightens pleasure, makes her truly know
Her happinesse, and with what out-streatcht armes
She must embrace it.
Beauf. jun. This is curiousnesse
Beyond example.
Mal. Let it then begin
From me, in whats mine owne I'll use my will,
And yeeld no further reason. I lay claime to
The libertie of a subject. Fall not off,
But be obedient, or by the haire
I'll drag thee home. Censure me as you please,
I'll take my owne way, O the inward fires
That wanting vent consume me! *Exit with Theocrine.*
Montr. Tis most certaine
Hees mad, or worse.
Beauf. How, worse?
Montr. Nay, there I leave you,
My thoughts are free.
Beauf. jun. This I foresaw.
Beauf sen. Take comfort,
He shall walke in clouds, but I'll discover him:
And he shall finde, and feele, if he excuse not,

And with ſtrong reaſons this groſſe injurie,
I can make uſe of my authoritie. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus quarti Scena prima.

MALEFORT *ſolus.*

WHat flames are theſe my wild deſires fan in me?
The torch that feeds them, was not lighted at
Thy altars, *Cupid*: vindicate thy ſelfe,
And doe not own it: and confirme it rather,
That this infernall brand that turnes me cyndars,
Was by the ſnake-hair'd Siſters throwne into
My guiltie boſome. O that I was ever
Accurs'd in having iſſue: my ſonnes bloud,
(That like the poyſon'd ſhirt of *Hercules*
Growes to each part about me) which my hate
Forc'd from him with much willingneſſe, may admit
Some weake defence; but my moſt impious love
To my faire daughter *Theocrine*, none.
Since my affection (rather wicked luſt)
That does purſue her, is a greater crime
Than any deteſtation, with which
I ſhould afflict her innocence. With what cunning
I have betray'd my ſelfe, and did not feele
The ſcorching heat that now with furie rages
Why was I tender of her? cover'd with
That fond diſguiſe, this miſchiefe ſtole upon me.
I thought it no offence to kiſſe her often,
Or twine mine armes about her ſofter neck,
And by falſe ſhadowes of a fathers kindneſſe
I long deceiv'd my ſelfe: but now the effect
Is too apparent. How I ſtrove to be
In her opinion held the worthieſt man
In courtſhip, forme, and feature, envying him

That

That was preferd before me, and yet then
My wiſhes to my ſelfe were not diſcover'd.
But ſtill my fires increas'd, and with delight
I would call her miſtreſſe, wilfully forgetting
The name of daughter chooſing rather ſhe
Should ſtile me ſervant, then with reverence father,
Yet mocking, I nere cheriſh'd obſcene hopes,
But in my troubled ſlumbers often thought
Shee was too neere to me, and then ſleeping bluſh'd
At my imagination which paſs'd
My eyes being open, not condemning it,
I was raviſh'd with the pleaſure of the dreame,
Yet ſpight of theſe temptations I have reaſon
That pleades againſt 'em, and commands me to
Extinguiſh theſe abhominable fires,
And I will doe it, I will ſend her backe
To him that loves her lawfully. Within there?

Enter Theocrine.

Theoc. Sir did you call?

Malef. I looke no ſooner on her,
But all my boaſted power of reaſon leaves me,
And paſſion againe uſurpes her Empire, does none elſe wait me?

Theoc. I am wretched ſir, ſhould any owe more duty.

Malef. This is worſe then diſobedience, leave me.

Theoc. On my knees ſir, as I have ever ſquard my will by yours.
And lik'd, and loath'd with your eyes: I beſeech you
To teach me what the nature of my fault is,
That hath incenſd you, (ſure tis one of weakeneſſe
And not of malice) which your gentler temper
On my ſubmiſſion I hope will pardon,
Which granted by your piety, if that I
Out of the leaſt neglect of mine hereafter,
Make you remember it, may I ſinke ever
Under your dread command.

Malef. O my ſtars! who can but dote on this humility
That ſweetens, lovely in her teares? the fetters
That ſeem'd to leſſen in their waight; but now

By this grow heavier on me.
Theoc. Deare sir:
Malef. Peace, I must not heare thee.
Theoc. Nor looke on me.
Malef. No, thy lookes and words are charmes.
Theoc. May they have power then
To calme the tempest of your wrath, alas sir,
Did I but know in what I give offence
In my repentance I would shew my sorrow,
For what is past, and in my care hereafter
Kill the occasion or cease to be
Since life without your favour is to me a load I would cast off.
Malef. O that my heart were rent in sunder, that I might expire,
The cause in my death buried: yet I know not
With such prevailing Oratory 'tis beg'd from me
That to deny thee would convince me to
Have suck'd the milke of Tigers, rise, and I
But in a perplexd, and misterious method.
Will make relation that which all the world
Admires and cries up in thee for perfections,
Are to unhappy me foule blemishes,
And mulcts in nature. If thou hadst beene borne
Deformd and crooked, in the features of
Thy body, as the manners of thy mind,
Moore lip'd, flat nos'd, dimme ey'd, and beetle brow'd
With a dwarfes stature to a gyant waste,
Sower breath'd, with clawes for fingers on thy hands,
Splay footed, gouty leg'd, and over all
A loathsome leprosie had spread it selfe,
And made thee shun'd of humane fellowships:
I had beene blest.
Theoc. Why would you wish a monster
For such a one or worse you have describ'd,
To call your father.
Malef. Rather then as now,
Though I had drownd thee for it in the sea
Appearing as thou dost a new Pandora,

With *Junos* faire cow eyes, *Minerva's* brow
Aurora's bluſhing cheekes, *Hebes* freſh youth,
Venus ſoft paps, with *Thetis* ſilver feet.
Theoc. Sir you have lik'd and lov'd them, and oft forc'd
(With your hyperboles of praiſe powrd on them)
My modeſty to a defenſive red,
Strowd ore that paleneſſe, which you then were pleaſd
To ſtile the pureſt white.
Malef. And in that cup I drank the poiſon I now feele diſperſd
Through every vaine and artery, wherefore art thou
So cruell to me? This thy outward ſhape
Brought a fierce warre againſt me, not to be
By fleſh and blood reſiſted: but to leave me
No hope of freedome from the Magazine
Of thy minds forces, treacherouſly thou drewſt up
Auxiliary helpes to ſtrengthen that
Which was already in it ſelfe too potent,
Thy beauty gave the firſt charge, but thy duty
Seconded with thy care, and watchfull ſtudies
To pleaſe, and ſerve my will in all that might
Raiſe up content in me, like thunder brake through
All oppoſition, and my rankes of reaſon
Disbanded, my victorious paſſions fell
To bloody execution, and compeld me
With willing hands to tie on my owne chaines,
And with a kinde of flattering joy to glory in my captivity.
Theoc. I, in this you ſpeake, ſir, am ignorance it ſelfe.
Male. And ſo continue, for knowledge of the armes thou bearſt
Would make thee curſe thy ſelfe, but yield no ayds (againſt me
For thee to helpe me, and 'twere cruelty
In me to wounde that ſpotleſſe innocency
How ere it make me guilty, in a word
The pluriſie of goodneſſe is thy ill,
Thy vertues vices, and thy humble lowneſſe
Far worſe than ſtubborne ſullenneſſe, and pride,
Thy lookes that raviſh all beholders elſe
As killing as the Baſiliskes, their teares

Expreſſd in ſorrow for the much I ſuffer,
A glorious inſultation, and no ſigne
Of pitty in thee, and to heare thee ſpeake
In thy defence, though but in ſilent action,
Would make the hurt already deepely feſterd
Incurable, and therefore as thou wouldſt not
By thy preſence raiſe freſh furies to torment me
I doe conjure thee by a fathers power,
(And tis my curſe I dare not thinke it lawfull
To ſue unto thee in a neerer name)
Without reply to leave me.

Theoc. My obedience never learnd yet to queſtion your commands,
But willingly to ſerve 'em, yet I muſt
Since that your will forbids the knowledge of
My fault, lament my fortune. *Exit.*

Malf. O that I have reaſon to diſcerne the better way
And yet purſue the worſe, when I looke on her
I burne with heat, and in her abſence freeze
With the cold blaſts of jelouſie, that another
Should ere taſte thoſe delights that are denide me,
And which of their afflictions bring leſſe torture
I hardly can diſtinguiſh, is there then
No meane? no, ſo my underſtanding tels me,
And that by my croſſe fates it is determind
That I am both waies wretched. *Enter Vſher, and Montreville*

Vſher. Yonder he walkes ſir,
In much vexation: he hath ſent my Lady
His daughter weeping in, but what the cauſe is
Reſts yet in ſuppoſition.

Montr. I gueſſe at it, but muſt be further ſatisfied, I will ſift him
In private therefore, quit the roome.

Vſher. I am gon, ſir. *Exit.*

Malef. Ha! who diſturbes me? *Montreville*? your pardon,

Montr. Would you could grant one to your ſelfe, (I ſpeake it
With the aſſurance of a friend) and yet
Before it be too late, make reparation
Of the groſſe wrong, your indiſcretion offered

To the governour and his ſonne, nay to your ſelfe,
For there begins my ſorrow.
Malef. Would I had no greater cauſe to mourne
Then their diſpleaſure, for I dare juſtifie.
Montr. We muſt not doe all that we dare private friend
I obſerv'd your alterations with a ſtricter eye
Perhaps then others, and to looſe no time
In repetition, your ſtrange demeamour
To your ſweet daughter. of.
Malef. Would you could finde out ſome other theame to treat
Montr. None but this; and this Ile dwell on, how ridiculous
And ſubject to conſtruction?
Malef. No more.
Montr. You made your ſelfe, amazes me, and if
The frequent trials enterchanged betweene us
Of love and friendſhip, be to their deſert
Eſteem'd by you, as they hold waight with me,
No inward trouble ſhould be of a ſhape
So horrid to your ſelfe, but that to me
You ſtand bound to diſcover it, and unlocke
Your ſecretſt thoughts: though the moſt innocent were
Lowd crying ſinnes.
Malef. And ſo perhaps they are.
And therefore be not curious to learne that
Which knowne muſt make you hate me.
Montr. Thinke not ſo, I am yours in right and wrong, nor ſhall
A verball friendſhip in me, but an active, you finde
And here I vow, I ſhall no ſooner know
What the diſeaſe is, but if you give leave
I will apply a remedy, is it madneſſe?
I am familiarly acquainted with a deepe read man
That can with charmes and hearbs
Reſtore you to your reaſon, or ſuppoſe
You are bewitch'd, he with more potent ſpels
And magicall rites ſhall cure you, is't heavens anger?
With penitence and ſacrifice appeaſe it,
Beyond this, there is nothing that I can

Imagine dreadfull, in your fame and fortunes
You are ſecure, your impious ſonne removd to
That rendred you ſuſpected to the ſtate,
And your faire daughter.
Malef. Oh preſſe me no farther.
Montr. Are you wrung there? why what of her? hath ſhe
Made ſhipwracke of her honour, or conſpird
Againſt your life? or ſeald a contract with
The divell of hell, for the recovery of her young Inamorato?
Malef. None of theſe,
And yet what muſt increaſe the wonder in you
Being Innocent in her ſelfe, ſhe hath wounded me,
But where enquire not. Yet I know not how
I am perſwaded from my confidence
Of your vowd love to me, to truſt you with
My deareſt ſecret, pray you chide me for it,
But with a kind of pity, not inſulting
On my calamity.
Montre. Forward.
Malef. This ſame daughter.
Montre. What is her fault?
Malef. She is too faire to me.
Montre. Ha! how is this?
Malef. And I have looked upon her
More than a father ſhould, and languiſh to
Enjoy her as a husband.
Montre. Heaven forbid it.
Malef. And this is all the comfort you can give me,
Where are your promiſd ayds, your charmes, your herbs?
Your deepe read ſcholler, ſpels, and magicke rites?
Can all theſe diſenchaunt me? no, I muſt be
My owne Phyſitian, and upon my ſelfe
Practice a deſperate cure.
Montr. Doe not contemne me,
Injoyne me what you pleaſe with any hazzard,
Ile undertake it, what meanes have you practiſd
To quench this helliſh fire?

Malef. All I could thinke on,
But to no purpoſe, and yet ſometimes abſence
Does yeeld a kinde of intermiſſion to
The fury of the fit.
Montr. See her no more then.
Malef. Tis my laſt refuge, and twas my intent.
And ſtill tis, to deſire your helpe.
Montr. Command it.
Malef. Thus then, you have a fort of which you are
The abſolute Lord, whither I pray you beare her:
And that the ſight of her may not againe
Nouriſh thoſe flames, which I feele ſomething leſſend,
By all the ties of friendſhip I conjure you
And by a ſolemne oath you muſt confirme it,
That though my now calmd paſſions ſhould rage higher
Then ever heretofore, and ſo compell me
Once more to wiſh to ſee her; though I uſe
Perſwaſions mixd with threatnings; nay adde to it
That I this fayling ſhould with hands held up thus
Kneele at your feet, and bathe them with my teares,
Prayers or curſes, vowes or imprecations
Onely to looke upon her though at diſtance,
You ſtill muſt be obdurate.
Montr. If it be
Your pleaſure ſir that I ſhall be unmov'd, I will endeavour.
Malef. You muſt ſweare to be
Inexorable as you would prevent
The greateſt miſchiefe to your friend, that fate
Could throw upon him.
Montr. Well, I will obey you.
But how the governour will be anſwer'd, yet
And tis materiall, is not conſidered.
Malef. Leave that to me. Ile preſently give order
How you ſhall ſurprize her, be not frighted with
Her exclamations.
Montr. Be you conſtant to
Your reſolution I will not faile.

In what concernes my part.
Malef. Be ever bleſſed for't. *Exeunt.*

Actus quarti, Scœna ſecunda.

Enter Beaufort jun. Chamont, Lanour.

Cham. Not to be ſpoke with, ſay you?
Beauf. jun. No.
Lan. Nor you
Admitted to have conference with her?
Beauf. jun. Neither.
His doores are faſt lockd up, and ſolitude
Dwels round about em, no acceſſe allow'd
To friend or enemy, but——
Cham. Nay be not mov'd ſir,
Let his paſſion worke, and like a hot rein'd horſe
'Twill quickly tire it ſelfe.
Beauf. jun. Or in his death
Which for her ſake till now I have forborne
I will revenge the injury he hath done
To my true and lawfull love.
Lan. How does your father
The Governour relliſh it?
Beauf. jun. Troth he never had
Affection to the match: yet in his pitty
To me, he's gone in perſon to his houſe,
Nor will he be denide, and if he finde not
Strong and faire reaſons *Malefort* will heare from him
In a kinde he does not looke for.
Cham. In the meane time
Pray you put on cheerefull lookes. *Enter Montaigne.*
Beauf. jun. Mine ſuite my fortune.
Lan. O heer's *Montaigne.*
Mont. I never could have met you
More opportunely. Ile not ſtale the jeſt

By

By my relation: but if you will looke on
The malecontent *Belgarde*, newly rigde up
With the traine that followes him, 'twill be an object
Worthy of your noting.
Beauf. jun. Looke you the Comedy
Make good the Prologue, or the scorne will
dwell upon your selfe.
Mont. I'll hazard that, observe now;
Nay, Captaine, glorious Captaine:

Enter Belgarde in a gallant habit; stayes at the doore with his sword drawne; severall voyces within.

Belg. Fall backe Rascalls,
Doe you make an Owle of me? this day I will
Receive no more Petitions,
Here are bills of all sorts, and all sizes,
If this be the pleasure of a rich suite, would I were
Againe in my buffe jerkin, or my armour,
Then I walk'd securely by my creditors noses,
And not a dog mark'd me, every officer shund me,
And not one lowzie prison would receive me;
But now, as the Ballade sayes, I am turnd gallant:
There does not live that thing I ow a soule to,
But does torment me, a faithfull Cobler told me
With his awle in his hand, I was behind hand with him
For setting me upright, and bad me looke to my selfe.
A Sempstresse too, that traded but in sockes,
Swore she would set a Serjeant on my backe
For a borrowed shirt: my pay and the benevolence,
The Governour and the States bestow'd upon me,
The citie cormorants, my monie-mongers,
Have swallow'd downe already, they were summes,
I grant, but that I should be such a foole
Against my othe, being a cashir'd Captaine,
To pay debts, though growne up to one and twenty,
Deserves more reprehension, in my judgement,

Then a shop-keeper, or a Lawyer that lends money,
In a long dead vacation.
Mont. How doe you like
His meditation?
Chamont. Peace, let him proceed.
Belg. I cannot now goe on the score for shame,
And where I shall begin to pawne, I marry,
That is consider'd timely, I paid for
This traine of yours Dame *Estridge* foureteen crowns,
And yet it is so light, 'twill hardly passe
For a Taverne reckoning, unlesse it be
To save the charge of paynting, nailed on a post
For the signe of the feathers; pox upon the fashion,
That a Captaine cannot thinke himselfe a Captaine,
If he weare not this like a fore-horse; yet it is not
Staple commodity; these are perfum'd too,
Of the Roman wash, and yet a stale red herring
Would fill the belly better, and hurt the head lesse:
And this is Venice gold, would I had it againe
In french crownes in my pocket. O you commanders
That like me have no dead pales, nor can couzen
The Commissary at a muster, let me stand
For an example to you, as you would
Injoy your priviledges: *videlicet*,
To pay your debts, and take your lechery gratis
To have your issue warm'd by others fires,
To be often drunke, and sweare, yet pay no forfeit,
To the poore, but when you share with one another,
With all your other choyce immunities,
Onely of this I seriously advise you:
Let Courtiers trip like Courtiers,
And your Lords of dirt and dung hills mete
Their woods and acres, in velvets, sattins, tissues,
But keepe you constant to cloth and shamois.
Mont. Have you heard of such a penitent homily,
Belg. I am studying now
Where I shall hide my selfe till the rumor of

My wealth and braverie vanish, let me see,
There is a kinde of a vaulting house not farre off,
Where I us'd to spend my afternoones, among
Suburb shee-gamesters; and yet now I thinke on't
I have crackd a ring or two there, which they made
Others to solder, no, *Enter a Bawd and two*
1. *Wench.* O, have we spide you. *wenches, with two children.*
Bawd. Upon him without ceremonie, nows the time
While he is in the paying veine.
2. *Wench.* Save you brave Captaine. (to him.
Beauf. jun. S'light, how she stares, they are worse then she-wolves
Belg. Shame me not in the streets, I was comming to you.
1. *Wen.* O Sir, you may in publique pay for the fidling
You had in private.
2. *Wen.* We heare you are full of crownes, Sir.
1. *Wen.* And therefore knowing you are open-handed,
Before all be destroyd, I'll put you in mind, Sir,
Of your young heire here.
2. *Wen.* Here's a second, Sir,
That lookes for a childs portion.
Bawd. There are reckonings
For Muskadine and Egs too, must be thought on.
1. *Wen.* We have not beene hasty, Sir.
Bawd. But staid your leasure;
But now you are ripe, and loden with fruit.
2. *Wen.* Tis fit you should be puld; here's a boy, Sir,
Pray you kisse him, tis your owne, Sir,
1. *Wench.* Nay, busse this first,
It hath just your eyes, and such a promising nose,
That if the signe deceive me not, in time
Twill prove a notable striker, like his father.
Belg. And yet you laid it to another.
1. *Wen.* True,
While you were poore, and it was policy,
But she that has varietie of fathers,
And makes not choyce of him that can maintaine it,
Nere studied *Aristotles* Problemes.

Lan. A ſmart queane.
Belg. Why braches will you woorry me?
2. *Wen.* No, but eaſe you
Of your golden burthen, the heavie carriage may
Bring you to a ſweating ſickneſſe.
Belg. Very likely,
I ſoame all ore alreadie.
1. *Wen.* Will you come off, Sir,
Belg. Would I had ne're come on: heare me with patience,
Or I will anger you. Goe to, you know me
And doe not vexe me further: by my ſins
And your diſeaſes, which are certaine truthes,
What ere you thinke, I am not maſter at
This inſtant, of a livery.
2. *Wen.* What, and in
Such a glorious ſuite?
Belg. The liker wretched things
To have no mony.
Bawd. You may pawne your clothes, Sir,
1. *Wen.* Will you ſee your iſſue ſtarve?
2. *Wen.* Or the mothers beg?
Belg. Why, you unconſcionable ſtrumpets, would you have me
Transforme my hat to double clouts and biggins?
My corſelet to a cradle? or my belt
To ſwaddlebands? or turne my cloke to blankets,
Or to ſell my ſword and ſpurs for ſope and candles?
Have you no mercy? what a chargeable divell
We carry in our breeches?
Beauf. jun. Now tis time
To fetch him off.

Enter Beaufort ſen.

Mont. Your father does it for us.
Bawd. The Governour!
Beauf. ſen. What are theſe?
1. *Wen.* And it like your Lordſhip,
Very poore ſpinſters.
Bawd. I am his Nurſe and Landreſſe,

Belg. You have nurs'd and lander'd me, hell take you for it.
Vaniſh.

Cham. Doe, doe, and talke with him hereafter.

1. *Wen.* Tis our beſt courſe

2. *Wen.* We'll find a time to fit him. *Exit Bawd and Whores.*

Beauf. ſen. Why, in this heat, *Belgarde*

Belg. You are the cauſe of 't.

Beauf. ſen. Who, I?

Belg. Yes, your pied liverie, and your gold
Draw theſe vexations on mee, pray you ſtrip me
And let me be as I was: I will not loſe
The pleaſures and the fredome which I had
In my certaine povertie; for all the wealth
Faire France is proud of?

Beauf. ſen. Wee at better leaſure
Will learne the cauſe of this.

Beauf. jun. What anſwer, Sir,
From the Admirall?

Beauf. ſen. None, his daughter is remov'd
To the fort of *Montreuile*, and he himſelfe
In perſon fled, but where is not diſcover'd,
I could tell you wonders, but the time denies mee
Fit libertie. In a word, let it ſuffice
The power of our great maſter is contemn'd,
The ſacred lawes of God and man prophan'd,
And if I ſit downe with this injury,
I am unworthy of my place, and thou
Of my acknowledgement: draw up all the troopes,
As I goe, I will inſtruct you to what purpoſe.
Such as have power to puniſh, and yet ſpare
From feare, or from connivence others ill
Though not in art aſſiſt them in their will

Exeunt.

Actus quinti Scena prima.

Montrevile, Theocrine, servants.

MONTREVILE.

BInde them, and gag their mouthes sure, I alone
Will be your convoy.
1. *Wom.* Madam,
2. *Wom.* Dearest Lady,
Pag. Let me fight for my Mistresse.
Serv. Tis in vaine,
Little Cockerell of the kinde.
Montr. Away with them,
And doe as I command you,
Theocr. *Montrevile* *Exeunt Servants, Page, Women.*
You are my fathers friend, nay, more a souldier,
And if a right one, as I hope to find you,
Though in a lawfull war you had surpriz'd
A Citie, that bowd humbly to your pleasure,
In honour you stand bound to guard a virgin
From violence; but in a free estate
Of which you are a limb, to doe a wrong
Which noble enemies never consent to
Is such an insolence.
Montr. How her heart beats!
Much like a Partridge in a Sparhawkes foot,
That with a panting silence does lament
The fate she cannot flie from! sweet, take comfort,
You are safe, and nothing is intended to you
But love and service.
Theocr. They came never cloth'd
In force, and outrage, upon what assurance
(Remembring only that my father lives)
Who will not tamely suffer the disgrace.

Have you presum'd to hurry mee from his house,
And as I were not worth the waiting on,
To snatch me from the duty, and attendance
Of my poore servants.
Montr. Let not that afflict you,
You shall not want observance, I will be
Your Page, your Woman, Parasite or Foole,
Or any other property, provided
You answer my affection.
Theocr. In what kind?
Montr. As you had done young *Beauforts.*
Theocr. How?
Montr. So Lady,
Or, if the name of wife appeare a yoke
Too heavie for your tender necke, so I
Enjoy you as a private friend, or mistresse,
Twil be sufficient.
Theocr. Blessed Angels guard me
What frontlesse impudence is this? What divell
Hath to thy certaine ruine tempted thee
To offer me this motion? by my hopes
Of after joyes, submission, nor repentance
Shall expiate this foule intent.
Montr. Intent?
Tis more, I'll make it act
Theocr. Ribald, thou darest not,
And if (and with a feaver to thy soule)
Thou but consider that I have a father
And such a father, as when this arrives at
His knowledge, as it shall, the terrour of
His vengeance, which as sure as fate must follow,
Will make thee curse the houre in which lust taught thee
To nourish these base hopes, and tis my wonder
Thou darest forget how tender he is of mee
And that each shadow of wrong done to me
Will raise in him a tempest not to be
But with thy heart-blood calm'd: this when I see him,

Montr. As thou shalt never.
Theocr. Wilt thou murther me?
Montr. No, no, tis otherwise determin'd, foole,
The master which in passion kills his slave
That may be usefull to him, does himselfe
The injurie: Know thou most wretched creature,
That father thou presum'st upon, that father,
That when I sought thee in a noble way,
Deny'd thee to me, fancying in his hope
A higher match from his excesse of dotage,
Hath in his bowels kindled such a flame
Of impious and unnaturall lust,
That now he feares his furious desires,
May force him to doe that he shakes to thinke on.
Theocr. O me most wretched.
Montr. Never hope againe
To blast him with those eyes, their golden beames
Are unto him arrowes of death and hell,
But unto me divine artillery.
And therefore since what I so long in vaine
Pursu'd, is offerd to me, and by him
Given up to my possession: doe not flatter
Thy selfe with an imaginary hope,
But that I'll take occasion by the forelock,
And make use of my fortune; as we walke
I'll tell the more.
Theocr. I will not stirre.
Montr. I'll force thee:
Theocr. Helpe, helpe,
Montr. In vaine,
Theocr. In mee my brothers blood
Is punish'd at the height.
Montr. The Coach there.
Theocr. Deare Sir,
Montr. Teares, curses, prayers, are alike to me,
I can, and must enjoy my present pleasure,
And shall take time to mourne for it at leasure. *Exit.*

Actus quinti, Scæna secunda.

Enter Malefort solus.

Malef. I have playd the foole, the grosse foole, to believe
The bosome of a friend will hold a secret,
Mine owne could not containe, and my industry
In taking liberty from my innocent daughter,
Out of false hopes of freedome to my selfe,
Is in the little helpe it yeelds me, punish'd.
Shee's absent, but I have her figure here,
And every grace, and rarity about her,
Are by the pencill of my memory
In living colours paynted on my heart.
My fires too, a short interim clos'd up
Breake out with greater fury. Why was I
Since 'twas my fate, and not to be declin'd
In this so tender conscience? say I had
Injoyd what I desir'd, what had it beene
But incest? and there's something here that tels me
I stand accomptable for greater sinnes,
I never checkd at: neither had the crime
Wanted a præsident. I have read in story
Those first great Heroes that for their brave deeds
Were in the worlds first infancie stil'd gods,
Freely enjoyd what I deny my selfe.
Old *Saturne* in the golden age embraced
His sister *Ops* and in the same degree
The thunderer *Juno*, *Neptune*, *Thetis*, and
By their example after the first deluge
Deucalion Pirrhæ. Universall nature
As every day tis evident allowes it
To creatures of all kinds. The gallant horse
Covers the Mare to which he was the sire,
The bird with fertile seed gives new encrease

To her that hatchd him. Why should envious man then
Brand that close act which adds proximity
To whats most neere him, with the abhorred title
Of incest? or our later lawes forbid
What by the first was granted? let old men
That are not capeable of these delights
And solemne superstitions fooles prescribe
Rules to themselves, I will not curbe my freedome
But constantly go on, with this assurance,
I but walke in a path which greater men
Have trod before me. ha this is the fort,
Open the gate. Within there. *Enter two Souldiers with Muskets.*
1 *Sould.* With your pardon
We must forbid your entrance.
Mal. Doe you know me?
2 *Soul.* Perfectly my Lord.
Mal. I am this Captaines friend.
1 *Sould.* It may be so, but till we know his pleasure
You must excuse us.
2 *Sould.* Wee'l acquaint him with
Your waiting here.
Mont. Waiting slave, he was ever
By me commanded.
1 *Sould.* As we are by him.
Montr. So punctuall, pray you then in my name intreat
His presence.
2 *Sould.* That we shall doe. *Exeunt Souldiers.*
Mal. I must use
Some strange perswasions to worke him to
Deliver her, and to forget her vowes,
And horrid oaths I in my madnesse made him.
Take to the contrary, and may I get those
Once more in my possession, I will beare her
Into some close cave, or desert, where wee'l end
Our lusts and lives together.
Enter Montrebile and Souldiers.
Montr. Faile not, on

The forfeit of your lives to execute
What I commanded.
Mal. Montrevile, how is't friend?
Mont. I am glad to see you weare such chearefull lookes,
The worlds well altred.
Mal. Yes I thanke my ſtars.
But me thinks thou art troubled.
Mont. Some light croſſe,
But of no moment.
Mal. So I hope, beware
Of ſad and impious thoughts, you know how far
They wrought on me.
Mont. No ſuch come neere me ſir.
I have like you no daughter, and much wiſh
You never had been curs'd with one.
Ma. Who I?
Thou art deceiv'd, I am moſt happy in her.
Mont. I am glad to heare it.
Mal. My inceſtuous fires
Towards her are quite burnt out, I love her now
As a father, and no further.
Mont. Fix there then
Your conſtant peace, and doe not try a ſecond
Temptation from her.
Mal. Yes friend though ſhee were
By millions of degrees more excellent
In her perfections, Nay though ſhe could borrow
A forme Angelicall to take my fraylty
It would not doe, and therefore *Montrevile*
(My chiefe delight next her) I come to tell thee
The governour and I are reconcil'd,
And I confirm'd, and with all poſſible ſpeed
To make large ſatisfaction to young *Beaufort*,
And her whom I have ſo much wrong'd, and for
thy trouble in her cuſtody, of which
Ile now diſcharge thee, there is nothing in
My nerves or fortunes, but ſhall ever be

At thy devotion.
Montr. You promiſe faintly,
Nor doubt I the performance, yet I would not
Hereafter be reported, to have beene
The principall occaſion of your falling
Into a relaps, or but ſuppoſe out of
The eaſineſſe of my nature, and aſſurance
You are firme, and can hold out, I could conſent:
You needs muſt know there are ſo many lets
That make againſt it, that it is my wonder
You offer me the motion, having bound me
With oathes and imprecations on no termes,
Reaſons, or arguments, you could propoſe,
I ever ſhould admit you to her ſight,
Muchleſſe reſtore her to you.
Male. Are we ſouldiers, and ſtand on othes?
Montr. Tis beyond my knowledge
In what we are more worthy, then in keeping
Our words, much more our vowes.
Malef. Heaven pardon all,
How many thouſands in our heate of wine,
Quarrels and play, and in our younger daies
(In private, I may ſay) betweene our ſelves
In points of love, have we to anſwer for,
Should we be ſcrupulous that way.
Montr. You ſay well,
And very aptly call to memory
Two oathes againſt all ties and rites of friendſhip
Broken by you to me.
Malef. No more of that.
Montr. Yes tis materiall, and to the purpoſe
The firſt (and think upon't) was when I brought you
As a viſitant to my miſtreſſe then, the mother
Of this ſame daughter, whom with dreadfull words
Too hideous to remember, you ſwore deepely
For my ſake never to attempt, yet then,
Then, when you had a ſweet wife of your owne,

I know

I know not with what arts, philtres, and charmes,
(Unleſſe in wealth and fame you were above me)
You won her from me, and her grant obtain'd,
A marriage with the ſecond wayted on,
The buriall of the firſt (that to the world
Brought your dead ſon) this I ſate tamely down by,
Wanting indeed occaſion and power
To be at the height revenged.
Malef. Yet this you ſeem'd
Freely to pardon.
Montr. As perhaps I did.
Your daughter *Theocrine* growing ripe,
(Her mother too deceas'd) and fit for marriage
I was a ſuitor for her, had your word
Upon your honour, and our friendſhip made
Authenticall, and ratified with an oath,
Shee ſhould be mine, but vowes with you being like
To your religion, a noſe of wax
To be turn'd every way, that very day
The governours ſonne but making his approaches
Of Courtſhip to her, the winde of your ambition
For her advancement ſcatter'd the thin ſand
In which you wrot your full conſent to me,
And drew you to his party. What hath pas'd ſince
You beare a regiſter in your owne boſome
That can at large informe you.
Malef. Montrevile
I doe confeſſe all that you charge me with
To be ſtrong truth, and that I bring a cauſe
Moſt miſerably guilty, and acknowledge
That though your goodneſſe made me mine owne judge.
I ſhould not ſhew the leaſt compaſſion,
Or mercy to my ſelfe. O let not yet
My foulneſſe taint your pureneſſe, or my falſhood
Divert the torrent of your loyall faith.
My ills, if not return'd by you, will adde
Luſtre to your much good, and to orecome

With noble ſufferance will expreſſe your ſtrength,
And triumph ore my weakeneſſe. If you pleaſe to
My blacke deeds being onely knowne to you,
And in ſurrendring up my daughter buried:
You not alone make me your ſlave (for I
At no part doe deſerve the name of friend)
But in your owne breſt raiſe a monument
Of pitty to a wretch on whom with juſtice
You may expreſſe all cruelty.

Mont. You much move me.

Mal. O that I could but hope it, to revenge
An injurie is proper to the wiſhes
Of feeble women, that want ſtrength to act it:
But to have power to puniſh, and yet pardon
Peculiar to Princes, ſee theſe knees,
That have beene ever ſtiffe to bend to heaven
To you are ſupple, Is there ought beyond this
That may ſpeake my ſubmiſſion? or can pride
(Though I well know it is a ſtranger to you)
Deſire a feaſt of more humility
To kill her growing appetite?

Mont. I requir'd not
To be ſought to this poore way, yet tis ſo far
A kind of ſatisfaction that I will
Diſpence a little with thoſe ſerious oaths
You made me take, your daughter ſhall come to you,
I will not ſay as you deliverd her,
But as ſhe is you may diſpoſe of her
As you ſhall thinke moſt requiſite. *Exit Montrevile.*

Mal. His laſt words are riddles to me.
Here the lyons force
Would have prov'd uſeleſſe and againſt my nature
Compeld me from the Crocodile to borrow
Her counterfeit teares, ther's now no turning backward,
May I but quench theſe fires that rage within me,
And fall what can fall, I am arm'd to beare it,

The ſouldiers thruſt forth Theocrine, her garments looſe, her haire diſhevell'd.

2Sould. You muſt be packing.

Theo.

Theo. Hath he rob'd me of
Mine honour, and denies me now a roome
To hide my ſhame?
2 *Sould.* My Lord the Admirall
Attends your Ladiſhip.
1 *Sould.* Cloſe the port, and leave em. *Exeunt ſouldiers.*
Mal. Ha! who is this? how alter'd! how deform'd!
It cannot be. And yet this creature has
A kinde of a reſemblance to my daughter,
My *Theocrine*! but as different
From that ſhe was, as bodies dead are in
Their beſt perfections, from what they were
When they had life and motion.
Theo. Tis moſt true ſir,
I am dead indeed to all but miſery.
O come not neere me ſir, I am infectious,
To looke on me at diſtance is as dangerous
As from a pinacles cloud-kiſſing ſpire,
With giddy eyes to view the ſteepe deſcent
But to acknowledge me a certaine ruine.
O ſir.
Mal. Speake *Theocrine*, force me not
To farther queſtion, my feares already
Have chok'd my vitall ſpirits.
Theo. Pray you turne away
Your face and heare me, and with my laſt breath
Give me leave to accuſe you. What offence
From my firſt infancie did I commit
That for a puniſhment you ſhould give up
My Virgin chaſtity to the trecherous guard
Of Goatiſh *Montrevile*?
Mal. What hath he done?
Theo. Abus'd me ſir by violence, and this told
I cannot live to ſpeake more: may the cauſe
In you finde pardon, but the ſpeeding curſe
Of a raviſh'd maid fall heavie, heavie on him,
Beaufort my lawfull love, farewell for ever. *She dies.*

Mal.

Malef. Take not thy flight so soone immaculate spirit.
Tis fled already, how the innocent
As in a gentle slumber passe away,
But to cut off the knotty thred of life
In guilty men, must force sterne *Atropos*
To use her sharpe knife often. I would helpe
The edge of hers with the sharpe point of mine
But that I dare not die, till I have rent
This dogs heart peecemeale. O that I had wings
To scale these walls, or that my hands were Canons.
To bore their flinty sides, that I might bring
The villaine in the reach of my good sword,
The Turkish Empire offer'd for his ransome
Should not redeeme his life. O that my voice
Were loud as thunder and with horrid sounds
Might force a dreadfull passage to his eares,
And through them reach his soule, libidinous monster
Foule ravisher, as thou durst doe a deed
Which forc'd the Sun to hide his glorious face
Behinde a sable Masque of clouds appeare,
And as a man defend it, or like me
Shew some compunction for it.

Montreuile above the curtaine, suddenly drawn.

Montr. Ha, ha, ha.
Malef. Is this an object to raise mirth?
Montr. Yes, yes.
Malef. My daughter's dead.
Mont. Thou hadst best follow her,
Or if thou art the thing thou art reported,
Thou shoulst have led the way. Doe teare thy haire
Like a village nurse, and mourn while I laugh at thee.
Be but a just examiner of thy selfe
And in an equall ballance poise the nothing
Or little mischiefe I have done compard
With the ponderous weight of thine, and how canst thou
Accuse or argue with me? mine was a rape
And she being in a kinde contracted to me,

The fact may challenge some qualification:
But thy intent made natures selfe run backward,
And done, had caus'd an earth-quake. *A Souldier above.*

1. *Sold.* Captaine.

Montr. Ha,

2. *Sold.* Our outworkes are surpriz'd, the centinell slaine,
The corps du garde defeated too.

Montr. By whom?

1. *Sold.* The sudden storme and darknesse of the night
Forbids the knowledge, make up speedily,
Or all is lost.

Montr. In the divels name, whence comes this! *They descend.*

Mal. Doe, doe, rage on, rend open Æolus
Thy brazen prison, and let loose at once *A storme.*
Thy stormy issue blustring Boreas,
Aided with all the gales, that Pilot numbers
Upon his compasse, cannot raise a tempest
Through the vast region of the ayre, like that
I feele within me: for I am possess'd
With whirle-winds, and each guilty thought to me is
A dreadfull Hurricano; though this centre
Labour to bring forth earthquake, and hell open
Her wide stretch'd jawes, and let out all her furies,
They cannot adde an atome to the mountaine
Of feares and terrors that each minute threaten
To fall on my accurs'd head. Ha, is't fancie?

Enter the Ghost of young Malefort, *naked from the waste, full of wounds, leading in the shadow of a Ladie, her face leprous.*

Or hath hell heard me, and makes proofe if I
Dare stand the tryall? yes, I doe, and now
I view these apparitions I feele,
I once did know the substances. For what come you?
Are your aeriall formes depriv'd of language,
And so deni'd to tell me? that by signes

You bid me aske here of my ſelfe? tis ſo *The Ghoſts uſe ſeve-*
And there is ſomthing here makes anſwer for you. *rall geſtures.*
You come to launce my ſear'd up conſcience? Yes,
And to inſtruct me, that thoſe thunderbolts,
That hurl'd me headlong from the height of glory,
Wealth, honours, worldly happineſſe, were forg'd
Upon the anvile of my impious wrongs
And cruelty to you? I doe confeſſe it;
And that my luſt compelling me to make way
For a ſecond wife, I poiſon'd thee, and that
The cauſe (which to the world is undiſcover'd)
That forte'd thee to ſhake off thy filiall duty
To mee thy father, had it's ſpring and ſourſe
From thy impatience to know thy mother,
That with all duty, and obedience ſerv'd me
(For now with horror I acknowledge it)
Anſwer'd ſtill by ſignes.
Remov'd unjuſtly: yet thou being my ſonne,
Were't not a competent judge mark'd out by heaven
For her revenger, which thy falling by
My weaker hand confirm'd. Tis granted by thee.
Can any penance expiate my guilt?
Or can repentance ſave me? they are vaniſh'd. *Exeunt Ghoſts.*
What's left to doe then? I'll accuſe my fate
That did not faſhion me for nobler uſes:
Or if thoſe ſtarres croſſe to me in my birth,
Had not deni'd their proſperous influence to it
With peace of conſcience like to innocent men,
I might have ceas'd to be, and not as now,
To curſe my cauſe of being. *He's kill'd with a flaſh of lightning.*

Enter Belgarde *with ſouldiers.*

Belg. Here is a night
To ſeaſon my ſilkes. Buffe-jerkin, now I miſſe thee,
Thou haſt endur'd many foule nights, but never
One like to this; how fine my feather looks now!
Juſt like a Capons taile ſtolne out of the pen

And

And hid in the sinke, and yet 't had beene dishonour
To have charg'd me without it, wilt thou never cease,
Is the petarde, as I gave directions, fasten'd
On the portcullis?

Another Sold. It hath beene attempted
By divers, but in vaine.

Belg. These are your gallants,
That at a feast take the first place, poore I,
Hardly allow'd to follow; marry in
These foolish businesses they are content
That I shall have precedence, I much thanke
Their manners, or their feare; second me Souldiers,
They have had no time to undermine, or if
They have, it is blowing up, and fetching
A caper or two in the ayre, and I will doe it,
Rather then blow my nailes here.

Sold. O brave Captaine!

Exeunt.

An alarum, noise and cryes within, a flourish.

Enter Beaufort senior: Beaufort junior: Montagne: Chamont: Lanour: Belgarde: Montrevile: Souldiers.

Montr. Rackes cannot force more from me then I have
Already told you. I expect no favour,
I have cast up my accompt.

Beauf. sen. Take you the charge
Of the fort, *Belgarde*, your dangers have deserv'd it.

Belg. I thanke your excellence, this will keepe me safe yet
From being pull'd by the sleeve, and bid remember
The thing I wot of.

Beauf. jun. All that have eyes to weepe,
Spare one teare with mee. *Theocrine's* dead,

Montr. Her father too lies breathlesse here, I thinke,
Strucke dead with thunder.

Cham. 'Tis apparent: how
His carkase smells.

Lan. His

Lan. His face is alter'd to
Another colour.

Beauf. jun. But here's one retaines
Her native innocence, that never yet
Call'd downe heavens anger.

Beauf. sen. Tis in vaine to mourne
For whats past helpe. We will refer bad man
Your sentence to the King: may we make use of
This great example, and learne from it, that
There cannot be a want of power above
To punish murther, and unlawfull love.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

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THO. WYKES.

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